

April '550

THE MONTH

MARCH 1955

TROUBLE IN ARGENTINA

JOHN MURRAY

WHERE WE COME IN

Five Ex-Communists Explain

SIR JOHN McEWEN

ST. JEANNE DE CHANTAL

VINCENT CRONIN

COLOUR IN AFRICA

N. H. WILSON

REVIEWS

W. F. REA, LEON O'BROIN, C. C. MARTINDALE,
J. DE GEOLLAC, FREDERICK C. COPLESTON,
SIR SHANE LESLIE, I. J. SEMPER,
T. D. ROBERTS

New Series Vol. 13, No 3.

2s. 6d. net.

VOL. CXCIX



No. 1051



The Church of the Word Incarnate

By Mgr. Charles Journet

45/- net

Translated by A. H. C. Downes

In this volume Mgr. Journet considers the efficient cause because of which this amazing thing the Church stands before us at this moment—the hierarchical power, in its two-fold division into sacramental and jurisdictional. And at once, in accordance with his aim and method, he leads us through these forbidding formulae to the reality they express. It can be focused in two facts so shattering as to parallel that of mere existence of anything at all. First, the sacramental fact; through her power the Church makes the living Christ really present to us in the consecrated Host, and round that wonder groups created things as “conductors” of that very power that holds them in being. Second the jurisdictional fact; amid the pandemonium of conflicting theory and opinion the Church dares to say “This, and this, and this, is the truth; in the name of it I claim your allegiance.”

The Stations of the Cross

By Caryl Houselander

8/6 net

Illustrated by the Author

The Stations of the Cross are, to Catholics, one of the most familiar of Lenten devotions; so familiar that they can become stereotyped into the unfelt and the unconsidered. In these meditations, each Station is not only seen, as if for the first time, as an event in the Passion, but is related to that re-living of the Passion in the lives of all around us—and in our own—which gave Caryl Houselander the meaning, the depth and the consolation of life.

A Retreat for Lay People

By Ronald Knox

12/6 net

Mgr. Knox's spiritual writing is wide-ranging: it has already claimed in its target area, both the clergy and St. Trinian's: the average adult layman now comes into his sights, with a Retreat including two Holy Hours, that he can make up for himself. It is Mgr. Knox's way, while assisting our meditations on themes which our own superficiality had led us to think exhausted, to find startlingly concrete and down-to-earth applications of them, but to find them, and enable us to find them with a vision so focused on the supernatural that even our problems are seen in the only perspective, the only relation that matters—the relation to the love of God.

SHEED & WARD, LTD.

33 MAIDEN LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN WRITERS

The Works of the Fathers in Translation

Recently Published Volumes

13. TERTULLIAN, TREATISES ON MARRIAGE & REMARRIAGE: TO HIS WIFE; AN EXHORTATION TO CHASTITY; MONOGAMY
Translated by William P. Le Saint, S.J., S.T.D.
14. ST. PROSPER OF AQUITAINE, THE CALL OF ALL NATIONS
Translated by P. De Letter, S.J., Ph.D., S.T.D.
15. ST. AUGUSTINE, SERMONS FOR CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY
Translated by Thomas Comerford Lawler
16. ST. IRENAEUS, PROOF OF THE APOSTOLIC PREACHING
Translated by Joseph P. Smith, S.J.
17. THE HYMNS OF ST. PATRICK. ST. SECUNDINUS, HYMN ON ST. PATRICK
Translated by Ludwig Bieler, Ph.D.

Each 25s. net

LONGMANS

A CURRENT ACCOUNT

with The National Bank will provide you with all the amenities of a modern banking service. The bank has branches in London, the Provinces and throughout Ireland.

**THE
NATIONAL BANK
LIMITED**

13-17, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

Church and State Through the Centuries

A Collection of Historic Documents with Commentaries

Translated and edited by SIDNEY Z. EHLER, LL.D., and
JOHN B. MORRALL, M.A., Ph.D.

Some Press Opinions:—

"The editors of this volume have rendered a valuable service to all students of European history by bringing within the compass of a single volume the most significant official documents in the history of the relations of the Christian Church with the secular political power during the past two thousand years. . . . Each individual document is preceded by concise but illuminating comments and there is a brief introduction to each of the eight main sections into which the book is divided."—*British Book News*

"Quite apart from its practical and doctrinal value, the collection should appeal to all historically-minded persons. It makes fascinating reading."—C. R. CHENEY in the *Manchester Guardian*

"Two members of the staff of University College, Dublin, have compiled this source book which should surely find its place on the table of every student of European history. . . . It should also prove immensely valuable to anyone who is concerned with making a judgment on the relations between Church and State."—*Catholic Gazette*

"Students of these grave problems will find here a great wealth of documentation."—*Studies*

"Very great care and accuracy are evident throughout and the commentaries, in particular, are admirable. . . ."—J. J. DWYER in *The Tablet*

". . . A valuable guide to a great human problem."—*Irish Independent*

Demy octavo

636 pages, with index

35s.

BURNS & OATES

THE MONTH

New Series

MARCH 1955

VOL. 13. No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TROUBLE IN ARGENTINA	<i>John Murray</i> 133
WHERE WE COME IN	<i>Sir John McEwen</i> 147
ST. JEANNE DE CHANTAL	<i>Vincent Cronin</i> 153
COLOUR IN AFRICA	<i>N. H. Wilson</i> 164
REVIEWS	172

The Month is edited from 114 Mount Street, W.1, GROsvenor 2995, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford Street, London, W.1. Subscriptions may be addressed to any bookseller, or in Great Britain, direct to the publishers; in U.S.A. to British Publications, Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.; in France to W. H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, 1. The annual subscription is 30s., U.S.A. \$5.

LONDON

- A friendly welcome and courteous service
- in R.A.C. and A.A. London Lists
- Accommodation for 335
- Telephone and Radio in all bedrooms
- Central Heating throughout
- Fully Licensed
- A high standard of food and cooking
- Situated in Holborn. Convenient for City and West End
- Room and Breakfast 25s.
With private bath: Singles 31s.
and Doubles 58s.

stay at the

BONNINGTON HOTEL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1

Catering for all occasions

Telegrams: Bonnington, Westcent, London
Telephone: Holborn 6525

Principles of Natural Theology

by

G. H. JOYCE, S.J.

*is now
available again*

21s. net



LONGMANS

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

BOURNEMOUTH. A Catholic Hotel, close Sacred Heart Church. Brochure on request. Beresford Court, Madeira Road. (Telephone 1465).

BO. W. S. & BARTLETT, LTD., has been formed by Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., and Walker-Symondson, Ltd., the builders, to provide all requirements for church and school. Write for advice and estimates to Mr. Anthony Bartlett, General Manager, B. O. W. S. & Bartlett, Ltd., 25 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1. (Telephone: TATe Gallery 8101.)

THE MONTH. Subscriptions may be taken out for a year (30/-) or six months (15/-). Greetings Card with your name will be enclosed in the first copy. Write to MANRESA PRESS, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE HOLY CHILD, POPLAR, E.14, destroyed by bombs, can now be rebuilt. There will be rooms for resident workers, club-rooms; a lecture- or committee-room; reading room, etc. Work will be done as before among the sick, parents and children; all forms of welfare work; means for athletics; summer and other holidays. Gifts urgently asked, to supplement the compensation due.

TYPING AT HOME. Work accepted and completed with care and efficiency. Barbara Downs, Somerville, Wayside, Danbury, Chelmsford, Essex.

Charge for insertion of small advertisements, 5d. per word, minimum 5/-, prepaid.

TROUBLE IN ARGENTINA

By

JOHN MURRAY

DURING THE PAST THREE MONTHS there have been unpleasant and disturbing reports from Argentina, a Latin American country with a definite and unbroken Catholic tradition. Serious difficulties have arisen between the President and government on one side, and the Catholic authorities on the other. And, although the President has insisted that he is in no manner attacking the Church but protesting only against the improper behaviour of a handful of turbulent priests and some Catholic organisations, it is evident that measures have been adopted against the Church as a body and that a spirit is being encouraged which is both anti-clerical and anti-religious. The present tension is all the more unfortunate, as the hierarchy pointed out in their joint letter to the President, because past relations between Church and State have been in the main co-operative and harmonious.

Before we begin to analyse these reports and to assess their significance, it will be of value to say a little about the general and especially the political background.

In the centuries of Spanish dominance, Argentina developed late and slowly. The principal centres of the *conquista* and of subsequent Spanish authority were Mexico and Peru. In both these lands the Spaniards encountered an ancient Indian Empire and civilisation. Into Argentina they penetrated not, as might have been expected, from the East, that is from the direction of Europe, but from the North and West. It is true that in 1535 Pedro de Mendoza led a large expedition to the Rio de la Plata with a commission to establish settlements along its shores, and that he effected a temporary camp on the site of modern Buenos Aires. But it is equally true that the Spaniards were soon compelled to evacuate this position and to retreat northwards along the great river system of the Paraná to join their brethren in Paraguay.

The oldest Argentine city which stands to-day is Santiago del Estero in the northern provinces, founded in 1561. Tucumán followed in 1564, and Córdoba in 1573; Salta was set up in 1582 and La Rioja in 1591. Other foundations were made across the Andes from Chile: Mendoza (1561), San Juan (1562) and San Luis (1596). This region, Cuyo, including the last-named cities, remained until 1776 under the authority of the Captain-General of Chile. Buenos Aires was finally established by Juan de Garay in 1580, when he sailed down the great rivers from Asunción in modern Paraguay to refound what is now the capital city of Argentina.

The history of Argentina under Spanish rule was uneventful. There was little mineral wealth to attract the Spaniards: its wind-swept pampas remained uncultivated, its Indians untamed. Its cities played their important part in the wars of independence, and General José de San Martín is the national hero of Argentina as Simón Bolívar is founder and patron of Colombia and Venezuela. In the nineteenth century there was a continual struggle, that at times broke out into actual conflict, between *federalistas* and *unitarios*, that is between the men of the provinces and those of Buenos Aires. The point at issue was whether government should be markedly federal or centralised. The result was a compromise, with a Constitution adopted finally in 1863, on the lines of the Constitution of the United States, but with a more pronounced emphasis on the executive than the legislature. There was one significant addition—of great importance in present-day politics—namely, the power of “intervention” accorded to the President, by which he may, under conditions, “intervene” in local affairs and even supplant provincial governments through delegates of his own.

A hundred years ago, the population of Argentina was roughly one million. The percentage of pure white stock was very small. To-day its numbers have risen to seventeen millions, chiefly because of the large-scale immigration from Europe after 1870. These immigrants have completely transformed the country from rude and rough pastureland to a highly developed agriculture and specialised stock-breeding. Their second and third generations have produced an important and influential middle class, with a growing political consciousness. The consequence has been that Argentine problems in many respects are more akin to those

of Europe than of most other South American states, and that Argentina is the most European country in Latin America.

For convenience, let us take 1890 as a dividing date. Prior to that year the political administration of Argentina was in the hands of the landowning classes. They controlled both the central and provincial governments, to which they appointed in practice their nominees.

Eighteen-ninety saw the foundation of *Unión Cívica*, a society which protested against and sought to reform and modernise Argentine politics. Two years later, this divided into the *Unión Cívica Radical*, source of the Radical Party which to-day is in opposition to the *Peronistas*, and the *Unión Cívica Nacional*, which developed into a Conservative Party, and called itself subsequently National Democrats. The Radicals waged campaign after campaign against the existing system, *El Regimen*, with its limited franchise and, so they asserted, abuse of power. In 1912 there came at last the measure for electoral reform. Henceforth Argentina should enjoy a secret ballot, suffrage for all men over eighteen, and compulsory voting. Four years afterwards, Hipolito Irigoyen, leader for many years of the *Unión Cívica Radical*, was elected President, with a Radical Party control of Congress. Thus was ushered in a democratic Argentina. The Radicals held power and office for fourteen years.

In 1930 occurred the first of the two military revolutions. General Uriburu marched his troops into Buenos Aires from the Army headquarters in the Campo de Mayo and took over the government. This was a military *coup d'état* which reflected in some degree popular discontent with President Irigoyen, whose second term of office had begun in 1928, and with the growing struggle within the Radical Party between his supporters, the *Personalistas*, and their opponents. General Uriburu declared a state of siege, abolished Congress and used the power of "intervention" in twelve of the fourteen provinces. Local Radical governments were dissolved and replaced by Federal commissioners who took their instructions directly from the General. A pattern was set for later imitation by the arrest of professors and students and the suppression of a number of newspapers.

But the revolution soon lost its popular support. In the next year, 1931, the people elected a Radical governor and legislature for the province of Buenos Aires. Uriburu cancelled the elections

and banished the ex-President, Marcelo Alvear, chief of the *Unión Radical*. A decree was issued, declaring that no member of Irigoyen's *Personalista* wing of the Radicals was eligible for public office and an attempt was made to alter the Constitution and to limit the popular franchise. Uriburu was opposed, however, by many of his own officers and the tide of revolution started to recede. In November 1931, General Justo was elected President by a combination of Conservatives, anti-*Personalista* Radicals and Independent Socialists. Normal methods of administration gradually prevailed; the professors who had been arrested were released.

The second important political crisis occurred in 1943. During the earlier war years Roberto Ortiz had been President, a Conservative who during his term of office became more liberal and "democratic," whereas his Vice-President, Ramón Castillo, a Radical to begin with, entered into closer association with Conservative, military and—it was urged by his critics—pro-Axis circles. Because of failing health, Ortiz had to relinquish the reins of government on more than one occasion to Castillo. Ortiz was supported by Radicals and Socialists and by the large section of Argentine opinion that was in sympathy with the Allies. There is no point in recalling charges and counter-charges from those heated days, but certainly German influence in Argentina was strong and highly organised, not least among army officers. One reason alleged for the army intervention in 1943 was a desire not to break relations with the Axis Powers and not to associate too closely with the United States.

Whatever the motives and the background, the army marched again from the Campo de Mayo into Buenos Aires on 3 June, 1943. General Rawson commanded the manoeuvre but within a few days he had retired in favour of General Ramírez. Ramírez was later succeeded by General Farrell. Two of these three names, be it noted, were of English or Irish provenance. The military men governed by decree. Indeed, it has been calculated that the military government, prior to the transfer of power to President Perón, had issued ten thousand decrees. In the time of President Farrell, it was again calculated that the President would have required forty-eight hours each day merely to read the text of the decrees he was signing. Conscious that the revolution of 1930 had failed because of want of support from the people, the army

men were on the whole benevolent dictators. There were measures for everybody and to everyone's advantage. The acting Mayor of Buenos Aires, for instance, gave orders that all draught horses employed in the city must be supplied with straw hats during the summer: there were to be neck-shades for postmen in hot weather.

It was in this setting that Colonel, later General, Juan Perón rose to prominence. The months that followed the *coup d'état* were difficult. There was grave industrial unrest: workers were striking and a general strike was threatened. The government had already dissolved the more extreme section of the General Confederation of Labour (C.G.T.). In October, Perón was made head of the National Labour Department. With considerable initiative and no mean courage he went to the men themselves, talked with them in the factories and won over many of them, cleverly removing awkward and rebellious characters. As a result, the general strike was called off. Perón's department was next reorganised as the Ministry of Labour and Social Welfare, and he was appointed Director. It is round this particular ministry that Perón has gathered his principal support and wide popular favour. At the same time, he was made Acting Minister of War and ingratiated himself with the army authorities by giving very large increases to the military budget. In July 1944 he became Vice-President, and began to build up the police force, to the number of 30,000 men. The combined support of organised labour and the police saved Perón after his fall from office in October 1945.

Meanwhile, many decrees were passed, under Perón's guidance, for the advantage of the workers. Wages were rapidly increased, hours shortened. Private employers must in future pay each year thirteen months of wages for twelve months' work. Thus was inaugurated the Welfare State of Perón and the Peronista Party. A Labour Party was developing round him: it was joined by a dissident group of Radicals.

In 1946, Perón was elected President with 55 per cent of the popular vote. His party had a majority in Congress of 109 seats against 49 and all 30 seats in the Senate.

A number of features can easily be distinguished in the Peronista administration since 1946. It has been a government of social welfare, laying strong emphasis upon the working classes, improving

their status, and drawing from them its major political support. When the Constitution was amended in 1949, new clauses were written into it, which explicitly recognised the rights of workers to work and fair wages, to good working conditions and to the preservation of health and well-being, to social security and the protection of their families, as also the defence of occupational interests. The aged were also guaranteed in the constitutional alterations their right to care and proper provision, and the State pledged itself to safeguard the institution of marriage and family property and to assist mothers.

In its methods the administration has been, to some real extent, Socialist, imposing strict control upon finance and external commerce. Through a governmental agency, *I.A.P.I.*, it has made itself a middleman between the Argentine farmers and foreign markets, buying cheaply from the one and selling as dearly as possible to the other. It has adopted a policy of buying out foreign capital invested in public works and services in Argentina. In general its tone has been Nationalist, though not aggressive, and efforts have been sedulously made to extend Argentine influence throughout the southern countries of Latin America, in part to counter-balance the influence of the United States, to which the Peronista administration is not friendly. It has tried to remain neutral in international questions, though from the first it protested in the United Nations' Organisation at the existence and use of the veto on the Security Council. In domestic affairs, it has been authoritarian, has gradually assumed a control of Press, radio and all channels of public opinion. From time to time there have been waves of arrests and discrimination.

This is the background against which the recent difficulties between State and the Catholic Church have to be examined.

They rose suddenly and unexpectedly in October 1954. The President had spent a day in conference with provincial governors. That evening he broadcast an account of their conversations. He stated that nearly all the governors had denounced a conspiracy against the government which was being directed and fomented by a number of clerics. These were few in number, he admitted, but among them were three prelates, whom incidentally the President mentioned crudely and rudely, denying them their customary title of *Monseñor*. The prelates were Monseñor Lafitte,

Archbishop of Córdoba, Monseñor Fasolino, Archbishop of Santa Fé, and Monseñor Ferreira Reinafe, Bishop of La Rioja. The President insisted that he was making no attack upon the Church but only reprimanding a handful of disloyal clergy.

The next morning a Press campaign was launched: not, be it noted, against a small handful of misguided clerics, but against the clergy as a whole. Monseñor Lafitte and Monseñor di Pasquo, Bishop of San Luis, were held up to ridicule and accused of "*infiltración*." The articles included the charge that the clergy had always been on the side of the wealthy and of capitalists: now they were attempting to *infiltrate* into the class of the *obreros* so as to get these into their clutches and to hand them over once more to the rich for exploitation. Again, they declared that they were in no sense attacking the Catholic Church. Peronismo and Christ, they asserted, went hand in hand.

In the province of Córdoba, in North Central Argentina, several priests were arrested on the grounds of infiltration. One priest was informed that he and several others would be arrested for interfering in the Trades Unions. The priest asked the police officer for the names of his fellow-prisoners. He had himself, he said, been working in a *sindicato* for two years and, despite his efforts, had never found any other priest ready and free to work with him. A small number of priests arrested were brought to Buenos Aires and there released.

In his radio address the President had selected for special censure and abuse the provincial government of Córdoba. It was accused of working against the Federal government and with the Church. All the members of this provincial government, with the one exception of the governor, now resigned.

The Bishop of San Luis, two of whose diocesan clergy had been explicitly mentioned in the President's address, issued a *comunicado* to the Press, and had it read in all churches of the diocese, to the effect that he made himself responsible for the innocence of the two priests.

To the Press attack was soon added a campaign of irritating interference. No priest was permitted to speak on the radio: broadcast religious services were suspended. One cleric, setting out to give a lecture on philosophy, was warned he must not mention the name of God or refer to the Church. Another, wishing to book railway tickets in advance for a party of

schoolboys, was informed no tickets would be sold to clerics in soutanes. Sermons began to be controlled. It was stated that all priests seen distributing pamphlets in the streets—not, I imagine, a usual clerical activity—would be arrested. At Córdoba police attended the weekly meeting of the Young Christian Workers and after the meeting followed the young men home. At the Old Boys' annual dinner of one of the best-known colleges in Buenos Aires spies were sent in to act as waiters and to report. Much of this petty persecution came no doubt from minor officials seeking to curry favour with the party. Some of it certainly rose from extreme elements in the Trades Unions (C.G.T.). There were occasional small processions of men carrying puppets dressed as clerics and suspended from gibbets; slogans were smeared across walls, such as "*Sea un buen peronista y mate un cura*" ("Be a good Peronista and kill a priest").

What has been striking has been the public reaction to these unhappy measures. It is almost embarrassing now, I am told, to travel around Buenos Aires in priestly dress. You are greeted everywhere: all hats are raised in salutation; people insist on paying your bus and tram fares and offer you their seats. Luke-warm and merely nominal Catholics have reacted to this policy of interference with real indignation. The churches are fuller than ever on Sundays; the confessionals are thronged; far more are going to Communion. As frequently happens, this attack upon the Church has brought many back to a far more regular and genuine religious practice. By far the great majority of the people of Argentina regret and resent these happenings. The quarters from which the attack has proceeded are sufficiently well known: they are certain ministers in the government, some elements in the Trades Unions, and a considerable section of the controlled Press. It should be noticed that this particular anti-Catholic outburst does not derive from the traditionally somewhat anti-clerical Radicals in Argentina. They are, to begin with, opposed to the government of Perón.

Towards the close of November a solemn act of reparation was staged in Perón's honour by the leaders of the C.G.T. It took place in Luna Park and attendance on the workers' part was compulsory. Tension had now grown in Buenos Aires. Rumours circulated prior to the meeting that orders had been given that two churches were to be burnt down that evening. The Blessed

Sacrament was removed from most churches, and the churches themselves shut. In point of fact no incidents did occur, and the President of police had police cars outside the churches to see that there was no disorder. In Luna Park speeches were delivered by the Vice-President of the country, by Vuletich, Secretary of the C.G.T.—a violent and abusive tirade in very poor Spanish—and by a member of the Peronista women's organisations. Finally, Perón himself addressed the crowd, using some of the expressions and tricks of demagoguery, but insisting that the audience should disperse quietly to their homes. The time for action, he stated, had not yet come.

I shall attempt later to assess the true significance of this anti-Catholic policy. It is clear enough what its causes are. But the methods are not so understandable. In the first place, how much of it is the President's own responsibility? And how much is due to minor functionaries or to subversive elements within the Peronista Party? What part of it is due to deliberate planning and what to improvisation? It may well be that the President, wholly misreading the mind and position of the Catholic bishops, is trying to frighten them into an abandonment of Catholic Action with the threat and in an atmosphere of disorder, while taking care that the disorder does not happen. It may be also that these attacks upon bishops and clergy were meant to create a public temper in which it would be far easier to pass certain anti-Catholic legislation and to secure a firmer hold upon the schools.

A number of laws have been enacted. One closed the *Secretariado de Enseñanza Pública*, on the grounds that bishops ought not to be permitted to appoint teachers of religious doctrine or control the teaching of religion. Another has laid it down that every school shall have at least one spiritual counsellor whose function is to form the youth in morals. These *consejeros espirituales* are to be nominated by the Fundación Eva Perón. A third attached a divorce clause to a Bill concerning the rights and administration of family property. This is the first divorce measure ever promulgated in Argentina. Another decree has legalised *maisons tolérées*: an attempt to do this five years ago was balked by the outspoken opposition of the Catholic hierarchy.

In Buenos Aires great preparations had been made for the solemn close of the Marian Year. For the three previous weeks missions had been preached in many churches. On 8 December

an open-air procession was to be held, with the statue of Our Lady of Lujan, and Mass would be celebrated in the largest square of the city, the Plaza de Mayo. As the day came near, all ceremonies were forbidden, except the Mass. Then the Mass was cancelled on government orders. Only a personal application by Cardinal Copello secured permission to say Mass in the cathedral. But, it was insisted, there must be no advertisement and no propaganda. Great publicity was given, however, to a ceremony staged for the same day and hour by official Peronistas to welcome back an Argentine boxer. Cars toured the streets announcing through loud-speakers that the President would go that evening *con todo el pueblo argentino* to greet the pugilist, Señor Perez—a pretty indecency in a Catholic country which has taken Our Lady's blue and white for its national colours. While the Mass was celebrated inside the cathedral, a crowd of some 150,000 people waited in the Plaza, following the Mass as it was relayed. Complete silence reigned, a silence of reverence and devotion. When Mass was ended, the Cardinal came on to the balcony of his palace, next to the cathedral, and with firm and impressive accent dedicated the people of Argentina and Argentina to Our Lady. The great significance of this gathering and of the spirit in which it was held was not lost on the Church's enemies. A new decree forbade any open air meeting in future, except for the purposes of sport, labour or politics.

That is the story, pieced together from first-hand information to myself, of the attack in Argentina upon the Church. Other items might be instanced, some amusing, others deplorable, yet others comforting. Peronistas dressed as clerics and behaving in a very unclerical way, talking politics wildly at street corners or dancing in night clubs along the Avenida Corrientes are not likely to impress or bamboozle people as quick-witted and used to the wiles of *políticos* as the *argentinos*. I have one account of a gang of hooligans attempting to set fire to an altar during the celebration of Mass. And another consoling story of railway workers in Rosario. In their railway canteen stood a statue of Our Lady. They were asked whether they would like it taken away. They answered, No. Then came an order for its removal. The men waited till their work was over. Then, taking the statue, they formed in procession and walked through the streets together to the nearest church, where they left the statue.

I suggested earlier that these attacks upon the Church in Argentina were unexpected. In one sense, that was true. When I was in Argentina, I found that a large number of serious Catholics supported the Peronista government. They were not—or not always—unaware of its deficiencies and its arbitrary methods. Some of them understood the dangers latent in its more or less absolute claims. In the main, however, they approved of its policy. There were three principal points which they urged. Firstly, in their opinion it had removed all possibility of Communism because of its bold handling of social problems. Secondly, they appreciated the government's social legislation, which they felt to be in line with the teaching of the Papal encyclicals. Now, it is true that the Perón government has introduced widespread and much-needed social measures which have greatly bettered the status and circumstances of the working classes. This must not be forgotten, and particularly in the context with which we are dealing. Perón's political power is rooted in the working classes. That is the reason why himself and his party are so sensitive to any other influence among the workers. The third element of which many Catholics thought well in the government policy was its emphasis upon Nationalism. To Catholics in Europe this Catholic approval of Nationalism may appear strange. But it has to be remembered that Argentina is a country and a people in the making. Two or three generations back there were hardly any "Argentinos" in Argentina; the people were Spaniards, Italians, French, Slavs, English and the like. It is only now that they are gaining an Argentine consciousness, and such consciousness, when it develops, can be sensitive and too self-aware. On the other hand, there were many Catholics who looked at the administration with grave misgivings because of its arbitrary methods, its rigid State control, its demagoguery and totalitarian aspect.

The government, from the start, went out of its way to show friendliness to the Church. The authorities of the Church were associated with national festivals and ceremonies. Great emphasis was set upon marriage and healthy family life. Religious education was introduced into all State schools. Some Catholics even thought this friendliness embarrassing: it seemed to identify the Church too closely with the Peronista régime.

Yet, from another point of view, trouble between State and Church was certain to develop because of the total claims put

forward by the State. I am not suggesting that Argentina is a totalitarian State. It is not. Nor does the expression, Fascist, apply. The government is, however, authoritarian and wants to have the country in its hands. Particularly is it concerned that it shall control labour and the youth. It resents *Acción Católica* (Catholic Action) amongst workmen and students. In Argentina *Acción Católica* is strong and well developed, and it is significant that the two Archbishops censured by President Perón have been particularly interested in developing it. The charge of *infiltration* is what lies nearest to Perón's heart. That is the real issue between Perón and the Church.

This is made quite evident in the letter addressed by all the Catholic bishops to the President and in the joint pastoral read in all Argentine churches.

The former voices the bishops' appreciation of the good relations which hitherto have prevailed between State and Church, shown not least in the provision of religious education in State schools. It records gratefully the President's friendly comments on the work of priests and nuns and his recognition of the social teaching of the Church:

How frequently [it reminds the President] has Your Excellency proclaimed the necessity of Christian morality and the Catholic faith! How often has Your Excellency insisted upon the need for Argentina of a morally healthy manhood and a strong, sane and generous youth! How often have you declared, Your Excellency, that true social doctrine was taught two thousand years ago and can know no other genuine foundation than the Gospel of Christ and the Papal encyclicals, which you have yourself frequently recalled with reverence!

The joint pastoral recalled to clergy and laity the need to confine Catholic Action within its proper limits and not to indulge in what are strictly party politics. But Catholic lay movements, it declared, are a due part of the Church's apostolic mission. There are, moreover, certain fundamental principles whose defence is no matter of party politics but a Christian obligation and necessity. No priest may remain neutral where such principles are assailed: no priest should hesitate before the challenge of Communism or divorce or compulsory irreligious education.

The Catholic position is made clear in the following paragraph:

sec
ab
ev
re
th
C.
O
wh
by
wi
it
rea
rev
I h
ho
or
Al
wh
act
app
he
no
cri
cili
A
B

We further declare that the mission of the Catholic Church cannot be circumscribed by the limits of its churches, chapels and sacristies. The Church must preach the Gospel everywhere, in accordance with the mandate of its Divine Founder. If men succeed in shutting before its face the doors of many a sphere of human action, we have deeply to regret that there we are unable to fulfil our apostolic responsibilities. We, bishops and priests, are in the main ourselves the children of the working classes. If by reason of our priestly office we have been in contact with the workers among our people, this has been in response to their formal and explicit wish for our ministrations. In acceding to this genuine and faithful desire we have had no ulterior purposes. The sole motive that has guided our priestly word and act has been the higher and supernatural motive of clarifying and strengthening religious faith.

For some time there has been anxiety concerning certain sections of the Trades Unions in Argentina, the C.G.T., and about moral conditions in youth organisations. There has been evidence of a pagan spirit, which in some of its utterances is reminiscent of Nazi Germany. Their spokesmen have stated that the Church's business is to look after the next world; in the C.G.T. the Peronista movement will look after the affairs of this. One paper went so far as to claim that the morality of the C.G.T., which was its own business, was superior to the morality taught by the Church. Further, there has long been an extreme wing within the Trades Unions, till recently led by José Espejo, and it was openly said that this extreme section was just *Communist*, ready to work for the time being under Perón's control, but revolutionary in the Marxist and Communist sense. For myself, I have little doubt that this is true. What is harder to decide is how far it is the President who is using these extremer elements or to what extent he is being compelled to give in to them. Although a clash between State and Church becomes inevitable, when the State makes absolute claims or seeks to hinder the due action of the Church, the recent anti-Catholic attitude of Perón appears out of harmony with his personal character. In the past he has shown himself able and adroit and opportunist, certainly not the prisoner of an ideology. He is, of course, sensitive to criticism; he resents opposition but has normally tried to conciliate opponents and has often succeeded in so doing.

A further dangerous trend should be noted. A government that

is based largely on popular support needs continually to keep that support active and articulate. It should be remembered that a large proportion of the middle classes as well as the landowners are out of sympathy with the régime. The popular mind requires some scapegoat, to which the failures of administration may conveniently be shifted. In Nazi Germany the scapegoat was the Jews. In Argentina it has been lately the *oligarchia*, the old gang, vaguely identified with the conservative, wealthy classes. Many a Peronista oration used to be a diatribe against the *oligarchia*, which was imagined as hiding itself behind capitalists and foreigners, especially North Americans. Now it is concealed—so runs the theme of propaganda—behind the cassocks of a handful of priests. This political Aunt Sally has her uses. The appeal to mob sentiment is, however, a dangerous weapon, a weapon that may turn in the hands of the men who use it—to their ultimate destruction.

No doubt the present crisis will pass, and the situation will become more normal. However, considerable harm has been done, which it will not be in the least easy to undo. The Bills introducing divorce and limiting the freedom of education and religious teaching will create problems for the Church and assist the trend towards paganisation and secularism in society. The crisis will have weakened the President's own position and have driven him perhaps to rely upon and identify himself with the more extreme sections of the Peronista Party. There is certain to be wider opposition to Peronista policies, and it is equally certain that the prestige of present-day Argentina will suffer in other Latin American countries. Still, there would be little purpose in pessimism. Catholic hopes were sufficiently expressed in the letter of the hierarchy to the President, which quoted his statement, made in 1953 at the First National Congress of Religious Education, to wit:

"As a Catholic, I feel a very great satisfaction at the work you have already realised. As one who is devoted to Catholic doctrine, I feel a similar happiness that we are working together constructively to realise this in our own national community."

This constructive action [continues the bishops' letter] will be generous and secure as long as relations continue to be happy between the State and the Catholic Church . . . relations which, in the course of our history, have suffered an occasional eclipse but have never been seriously darkened.

WHERE WE COME IN

By

SIR JOHN McEWEN

THESE FIVE BOOKS all deal with the subject of Communism,¹ and all but one are written by former members of the Party who, for various reasons, have severed their connection with it. The tale is by now a sufficiently familiar one: the youthful urge to abolish poverty and "social injustice" or it might be, at a slightly later stage, to combat Fascism; the adoption of Communism as apparently the only means of actively achieving those ends; the gradual disillusionment brought about by successive trials of faith inflicted on its followers by the Kremlin culminating in the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939; and the final break involving the beginning of a new life. It is a tale illustrative of the *maladie du siècle*, and however familiar in general outline it may be it should never fail to evoke from those of us who have not been called upon to face so searching a dilemma no small measure both of sympathy and respect. For it is easy enough to talk smugly of starry-eyed idealism and express lofty surprise that intelligent men and women could have been taken in by such barefaced cynics as the Communist Party leaders in every country so patently were and are. Certainly the ordinary Party member was exploited by his immediate superiors just as those superiors were in their turn no less cynically exploited by the ringleaders in Russia. But not always because they did not know any better. Mr. Hamish Fraser quotes a letter from one of his friends in the Party written after he, Fraser himself, had left it. "I understand your position only too well," this friend writes; "I have for too long been in precisely the same mood. But as I see it Communism is inevitable, whether you like it or not. There is nothing on the horizon which even

¹ *Red Star versus The Cross*, by Francis Dufay and Douglas Hyde (Paternoster Publications 6s).

Fatal Star, by Hamish Fraser (John S. Burns 9s 6d).

Where We Came Out, by Granville Hicks (Gollancz 13s 6d).

School of Darkness, by Bella V. Dodd (Kenedy \$4).

Betrayal of an Ideal, by G. A. Tokaev (Harvill Press 21s).

looks like being able to stop it. That is why I consider it my duty to remain, in order that I may be able, if only in some small way, to mitigate its stupidities, barbarity and utter cruelty." Outside Russia that is a comprehensible but hopelessly mistaken attitude. Upon this point all these books are in highly significant agreement. Here is Fr. Dufay, for instance, speaking from a wide experience of Chinese Communism: "In China, at least, it is a fact that those Christian groups that have so far been least touched by persecution are those that have refused even to talk." While Mrs. Dodd, who was in her time a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party in America, says: "Co-existence is not possible on any level." This is a lesson which the West in general has still to learn.

The particular value of Fr. Dufay's book, written in collaboration with Mr. Douglas Hyde, lies in the fact that it is written by one who has carefully sifted the evidence of no less than 150 missionary priests now driven out of China after years of struggle there to maintain the Cross in defiance of Red hostility. The author makes it clear that the new persecution of the Church differs from all previous ones in that it is indirect and subtle and does not rely, as they did, exclusively on brute force, and he quotes a passage from Lenin's writings which indicates how the attack is delivered:

You cannot triumph over a superior force except on one necessary condition, by turning to your advantage every little rift among your enemies, noting the smallest disagreements among their different groups, and this with the greatest attention to minute details . . . You must have numerically stronger allies even if they are unreliable, tottering, temporary or conditional.

The Marxist virus is not imposed, it is insinuated. The approach is that of the seducer rather than that of the murderer, and is directed in the first place at the weaker brethren—those who from conscientious leanings towards social justice incline to regard the purely social aims of Communism with favour; those whose feelings of patriotism are easily kindled; those who are susceptible to suggestions of "democratisation" of the Church. And above all—and this is the *mot d'ordre*—"Make no martyrs." It is by such methods that the Church in China has been all but destroyed.

There are two further points which Fr. Dufay brings out. The first is that the primary Communist aim in China has been to

drive a wedge between lay Christians and the hierarchy. The least sign of criticism by the laity of this or that individual priest or bishop, by whatever motives inspired, has been seized upon and used by the enemy. The other point is that the clash, when it comes, is never on doctrinal but always on secular grounds. That is to say that the defending Christian is never allowed the advantage of fighting on his own ground and with weapons of his own choosing.

Finally the authors turn to consideration of how the Church is to combat this evil. As far as war is concerned they point out that by such means only the material and less important side of Communism could be affected and, moreover, that, as the *Osservatore Romano* has more than once stated, war would encourage the spread of Communism even if the Communist powers were defeated as a result of it. No, not war, but (and here it must be remembered that the writer has the China mission in mind) a reorganisation of our defences. As far as the clergy are concerned both riches—even comparative—and any suspicion of political connections must be eliminated. Then, "facing an enemy whose first tactical manœuvre is to bring about division, the Church of the whole country should present an absolutely united front." Some revision, too, in Catholic teaching is advisable in the form of a closer synthesis between dogma and morals. Even the Catechism can hardly be expected to convey any meaning to a Marxist-indoctrinated congregation whose very vocabulary differs entirely from ours. Our weakness as Christians is the divorcing of faith from everyday life. "Communism would not survive for long in a Christian world where the Sermon on the Mount was the real rule of life. We have everything; everything except our obedience to that divine programme." Such, in brief, are the conclusions arrived at by the authors of this book, which is of far greater importance than its unpretentious format and 140 pages would suggest. It should be studied carefully by all who profess and call themselves Christians.

Mr. Fraser, like Mr. Hyde, was for many years a prominent member of the Communist Party and is now, like him, a Catholic. What he has to say therefore about Communism as the greatest destructive force in the world to-day merits close attention. Moreover he has a great deal to say, and says it very well. His message, endorsing that of Fr. Dufay with significant force, is thus set down;

When Catholics begin to live their Faith as dynamically as Communists live theirs, the Church will become effectively and inescapably visible to modern man; until then the God of Moscow will continue to be for the multitude the only god on the horizon. Until we make manifest to all men the real meaning of brotherhood in Jesus Christ, men will continue to prefer the visible comradeship of the Revolution despite all its revolting excesses.

Mr. Fraser has also much of interest to say on the subject of the Fatima message, pointing out in particular that beyond the various devotions advocated therein by Our Lady her call, first and foremost, was for Penance; that is, for repentance, contrition and a new life. The same call in fact as was heard in that Voice crying in the Wilderness so long before. Beyond the living of their faith by Catholics as a whole, and prayer—to the efficacy of which in the case of his own conversion he bears due witness—Mr. Fraser would like to see an intensification on the part of the West to reach the ear of the Soviet people impressing them with our peaceful intentions. He firmly believes that if that were done “it would not be long before the Kremlin would be both conscious of and worried by the effects on its own most faithful servants.” He may well be right in this, and in any case it is a suggestion which no one in his senses would dare to dismiss out of hand whatever may be the practical difficulties surrounding it.

The next two books on the list come from the U.S. Mr. Granville Hicks writes well. He was a Liberal, became a Communist, and subsequently returned to the Liberal fold. His is the political approach: within certain clearly defined limits he understands very well what Communism is about, why it attracted him and why he rejected it. He does not believe, he tells us, that the world can be saved by a return to religion. “We must work out our salvation as we go along, and we can count on making plenty of mistakes in the process.” The fact that he joined the Communists was, he says, an error of judgment—“the kind of mistake for which an intellectual cannot be forgiven”—ignoring the fact that it is just the sort of silly mistake to which an intellectual is peculiarly prone. While in general very fair in all he has to say about this country, he makes one statement which cannot fail to cause his British readers to raise their eyebrows when he says that Greece would have succumbed to Communism “if the United States government hadn’t stepped in”—that is, in 1946. The book

is interesting more from a personal than from an objective point of view, unlike Mrs. Dodd's *School of Darkness* which throws a great deal of light on the inner working of Communism in the United States during the past twenty years. But just as Mr. Fraser talks of "the poor whose sufferings went largely unheeded" (in the 'thirties), so we have Mrs. Dodds, in 1935, saying, "these people (the Communists) are about the only ones who are doing anything about the rotten conditions of to-day" and putting that forward as her main reason for joining them. The fact that it is quite untrue to say that those in authority in this country were unheeding of the sufferings of the poor after 1931, or that in America the Communists were the only people striving for the betterment of conditions in 1935 is beside the point. That was the impression given at the time, and it carries a condemnation with it that cannot lightly be set aside. Mrs. Dodds started life as a school-teacher, which fact lends an added significance to her remarks summing up her views on education.

We are told [she writes] that all problems will be solved by education. But the time has come to ask: "Education for what?" One thing is clear to me: rounded education includes training of the will as much as training of the mind; a mere accumulation of information, without a sound philosophy, is not education. I saw how meaningless had been my own education . . . without purpose or balance . . . It was not until I met the Communists that I had a standard to live by, and it took me years to find out it was a false standard.

Of *Betrayal of an Ideal* it is more difficult to write. Col. Tokaev, a Soviet official of some standing, is one of those who, for reasons which will be more fully explained in a second volume, recently sought refuge in the West. In this book he tells the story of his life up to 1935. Were it not that the Colonel is patently sincere, and a patriot, and that his sincerity is vouched for by Sir David Kelly in an eulogistic foreword, one would be tempted to treat him possibly less seriously than he deserves. There is something about these young revolutionaries—and this applies equally to every revolution—a mixture of solemnity, priggishness and *naïveté* which this reviewer for one finds it hard to take except in very small doses. Those Russian revolutionary songs for instance:

In the parade of the forces of the Soviets
My tread rings out clearly.

What is wrong? Is it that the translator is at fault? Or has some essential ingredient evaporated in the course of time? One is at a loss to say. All one can say for certain is that the effect of such words ought not to be merely funny. Again what is one to make of a young man whose favourite, and one would imagine, only reading, was Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (which he avers he read twenty-seven times), Marx, and Fordson's *Tractor Handbook* (which he knew by heart)? Or of the same young man's life in the social whirl of Moscow at a later date indicated by sentences beginning thus: "... invited to a party at the Boiler and Turbine Institute." And what is one to make of the following as a personal description: "He was a man of great revolutionary merits and of boundless energy"? What are revolutionary merits? It goes back to what Fr. Dufay says of the Catechism, namely, that it is incomprehensible to a Marxist who uses a different vocabulary to the one we use. What does emerge is that life behind the Iron Curtain is indeed real and earnest. And it is well that we should take that lesson in, for it is the Tokaevs, these formidably single-minded and humourless young men, with whom, in their millions, we have to deal. For deal with them somehow we must, whether they are on this side of the Curtain or on that; and the task in prospective is a staggering one. Nor, be it added, is the *naïveté* all to be found on one side. There was a certain Mr. Horsley who is reported to have said only the other day on his return from Moscow after a fourteen-day visit: "Many priests can now find a place on a peace platform in Russia to-day."

Mr. Granville Hicks in an illuminating aside says: "The great evil of Communism is not that it uses vicious persons, as it sometimes does, but that it corrupts good ones." It is precisely that dreadful process of corruption that we, as Christians, have got to fight; and it is by studying at any rate four of the above-mentioned books that we can gain some idea of how that warfare can best be waged.

ST. JEANNE DE CHANTAL

By

VINCENT CRONIN

EVERY DAY, in the garden of her house at Dijon, a small girl with dark eyes and light brown hair, energetic yet graceful in her movements, would make her tame starlings follow her up and down the paths, leading them wherever she pleased, before giving the birds a piece of sugar. The child's laughter found no echo in the whole of France, a country torn for decades by that most fundamental and persistent of all conflicts, a war fought in the name of God. Jeanne, the tamer of starlings, played in peace because she was protected by a wealthy and powerful father: Bénigne Frémyot, then advocate-general, later counsellor to the King and president of the Burgundy parliament. For six years he fought for Henry III against the League, a soldier dedicated so wholeheartedly that, on the news of Henry's assassination, within a few hours half his hair turned white. A nobleman of outstanding courage, a monarchist and a Catholic—ready to die for either cause—Bénigne Frémyot was esteemed throughout Burgundy as a loyal leader of men in peace and war.

His wife, Marguerite de Berbisey, died in 1573, eighteen months after Jeanne's birth. With her younger brother and elder sister, Jeanne was educated by her father and an aunt, learning to read, write, dance, sing and play the lute—yet remaining a girl up to every sort of prank. When she was fifteen, she travelled west to spend five years at the home of her sister Marguerite, who had married and settled in Poitou. There she saw for the first time the full ravages of civil war, desecrated churches and ruined monasteries. When, against such a background, two excellent offers of marriage were made to her by Protestants—one of whom tried to disguise his beliefs—she resisted the advice of accommodating friends. It was not merely that "two opinions do not well on the same bolster;" the blood which for centuries had served a Catholic king, and which she believed could never lie, rejected the proposals almost as a destructive virus.

At the age of twenty she was courted and won by Christophe, Baron de Rabutin-Chantal, like herself a blood-relation of St. Bernard, the great saint of Dijon. One of the bravest officers of his day, Christophe had already, at the age of twenty-seven, emerged victorious from eighteen duels. The young couple were married on 29 December, 1592, and settled at Bourbilly, two leagues from Semur and a day's ride from Dijon. Here Christophe owned a large chateau, standing in a park of oaks, its walls protected by four towers and a moat crossed by a drawbridge. In the marriage contract he agreed "to provide his future wife with rings and jewels to the value of six hundred crowns and furnish her with a carriage drawn by four good horses." No mention, however, was made of the debts, amounting to 15,000 écus, which had accumulated at Bourbilly. When, after only three months of marriage, Christophe was summoned by Henry IV to rejoin the royal standard, his bride discovered the full extent of their obligations. Until then, except by hearsay, she had never known what trouble was. Desire to please Christophe overcame her first hesitations: she resolved single-handed to set the estate in proper order and pay off every penny of the debt.

Her rose-garden she deserted for the kitchen, pharmacy and account books. Although quite inexperienced, she at once showed a gift for organising and getting the best out of people. As chatelaine of extensive lands she saw that the poor who assembled every day received their dole of food; she tended the sick with her own hands and mothered her servants, of whom, in a lifetime, she was obliged to dismiss only two. Meanwhile her husband, as she learned from his ardent letters, enclosing still more ardent poems, had fought against the Spaniards at Fontaine-Française, been publicly commended by the King and awarded a pension of 1200 crowns. His leaves, less long than his periods of service, were spent hunting, shooting, at dinners and balls, and, later, with his children. When the Edict of Nantes brought peace and inaugurated a period of splendour and power which would glorify two centuries, Christophe, soldier rather than courtier, left the King's service altogether, in order to remain with Jeanne at Bourbilly.

Their marriage was ideally happy. Christophe was strict and Jeanne had to intercede for sick prisoners and farmers behind in their rent. She usually gave way to him in everything but on at least one point she showed firmness. Christophe liked to sleep late.

To liquidate their debts Jeanne was obliged to rise early and super-vise work in the house. She used to return to the bedroom later, making enough noise to wake Christophe. Unless he hurried, she said, Mass would be delayed and with it the whole day's programme. Her husband gave no answer. Then she would grow impatient, pull the curtains of the four-poster, crying that it was late, the chaplain had vested and was about to begin Mass. Still Christophe remained in bed. Finally, she would light a candle and hold it in front of his eyes: a stroke which invariably gave her victory.

Christophe had been home only a few months when, during a shooting party in the woods, he was accidentally struck in the hip by an arquebus bullet. Jeanne was unwell at the time, having recently given birth to a daughter, her fourth surviving child. At the news she sent for a priest and doctor, then rushed to his side. She nursed him day and night but the soldier who had survived a hundred enemy sword thrusts could not foil this peace-time shot: nine days later he died.

So intimately had they lived, it seemed as though his wife would share his death. After four months' mourning she had grown weak and lost all will to survive. Then, quite suddenly, she became her father's daughter again, loyal to the standard which had not toppled. She made a vow of chastity and resolved to live as a Christian widow, educating her son and three daughters to virtue. A portrait of this period shows Jeanne wearing an embroidered black dress, a four-strand necklace of pearls, grey against so white a skin, her well-shaped jewelled fingers holding a fan, a simple lace ruff framing her oval face, her high brow and large dark eyes from which all laughter had ebbed.

Madame de Chantal wanted to do the will of God, but soon saw the difficulty of distinguishing that will from her own. She implored Heaven to send her an adviser, a man truly holy: "I promise and solemnly swear to do all that he tells me as coming from You." For the moment her only response was a succession of violent temptations against faith. One day, however, while riding across her estates, a metrical version of the Psalms at her saddle—for she had a good voice and liked to chant her praises—she saw ahead a man who looked like a bishop. He wore a black cassock, a rochet and a *bonnet carré*. She rode up to him, but the figure dissolved like a rainbow when clouds suddenly screen the

sun. Her astonishment passed, she realised that she had been granted a vision, and believed that this figure was to be her spiritual director.

Weeks went by and while the bishop nowhere took substantial shape, her temptations increased. In desperate need, she decided to place herself under the direction of a Friar Minim, who lived nearby and was reputed to be holy. The priest was impressed by her ardour yet failed to understand the character of this highly cultivated woman who could respond to the highest motives, but whose doubts were not to be whipped away like a servile peasant's. He loaded her with quantities of prayers, meditations, speculations, good actions, methods, practices and observances, with spiritual considerations and ratiocinations; he ordered her prayers in the middle of the night, fasts and severe forms of discipline. Finally he made her vow that she would obey him, never change her director, keep secret all he told her and not discuss her spiritual life with anyone else. Her soul, "as though ensnared," was to find release only after two and a half years.

At the end of 1602 physical followed upon spiritual bondage. She was summoned to Monthelon by her father-in-law, Guy de Rabutin, a bad-tempered imperious tyrant of seventy-five. Should she refuse, he threatened to remarry and disinherit his grandchildren. Assembling her belongings and those of her children, unwillingly the young widow drove across snowbound roads to the Rabutins' desolate castle near Autun. Above the main entrance, on the fireplaces, the expensive plate, the carriages and even the stables, were engraved the family arms, with the ribbon of the Order of St. Michael: vanity was the Rabutins' hereditary weakness. At every turn the motto, in Latin and French, met Jeanne's eyes: *Virtus vulnere virescit. La vertu s'accroît par les plaies.*

Guy de Rabutin had taken one of the servants as his mistress. Their five children, Madame de Chantal discovered, were to be treated on the same level as her own and the servant-mistress honoured as chatelaine. She herself was not allowed even to give a glass of wine to a messenger without permission. Divested of husband, rank and peace of mind, living—for their sake—in an atmosphere likely to harm her children, she very soon joined the third Order of St. Francis, in an attempt to turn her humiliations into the virtue of humility. But not until her second year at Monthelon, 1604, was she offered consolation, when her father

summoned her to hear Lent preached in the Sainte-Chapelle at Dijon. Every year an outstanding priest gave these conferences: that spring Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, had been invited. Already he had made a name by evangelising the Calvinist district of Le Chablais with conspicuous success and by capturing the heart of Henry IV. After the violent hatred of the religious wars, his doctrine of the beauty and peace of Christianity and his insistence that sanctity was not the privilege of mystics but the duty of Christians in whatever walk of life, were the very yearning of France made words.

Jeanne arrived late, on the Friday after Ash Wednesday, and as soon as she entered the church thought the bearded preacher seemed familiar. She had her seat placed opposite the pulpit, where she could look directly at him, and discovered then beyond all doubt that it was the figure of her vision.

Francis, too, took particular notice of the young widow and asked his friend the Archbishop of Bourges who the lady was with light brown hair, so attentive to his sermons. The young man replied that the lady was his sister. Before long they met and at once saw each other for what they were. "As soon as I came to know him," Madame de Chantal wrote later, "I called him a saint from the bottom of my heart." Francis, on his side, divined a soul seeking perfection and the advice leading to perfection. He asked her whether she intended to remarry. When she replied No, he said with a smile, "Then oughtn't you to lower your flag?" Later, he noticed a little silk lace border on her black crêpe dress. "Without that lace, Madam," he said, "you would surely still be decent." That evening she unsewed the border.

At first her discovery only increased her distress. What of that solemn vow to the Friar Minim? She hesitated until the last moment before Francis's departure, then confided half her heart to him. He gave comfort and urged her to lay the whole matter before the friar. From the first stage, after leaving Dijon, he wrote: "It seems to me that God has given me to you. I feel more certain of it every hour." In his second letter, a few days later, he spoke of her desire for holiness which "ought to be like the orange-trees on the coast of Genoa, almost the whole year round laden with fruit, flowers and leaves at the same time." Later that year, at her request, Francis summoned Madame de Chantal to his home. When he learned that the Friar Minim had released her from her

promise, he wrote a more perfect vow, which Madame de Chantal wore round her neck to her dying day: "I promise to guide, assist, serve and advance Jeanne-Françoise Frémyot, my daughter, as carefully, faithfully and holily as I can, in the love of God and the perfection of her soul, which from this day I take and look upon as my own."

So they roped themselves together for the long steep ascent. They had the same tastes and values, and, as far as that is possible in a man and woman, the same turn of soul. In their affection for one another they found a God-given means of rooting out selfishness, of making spiritual progress. Francis helped Madame de Chantal to know herself and order her life, while in her he was privileged to study a truly Christian soul, a model no less for himself than for his sermons and books. He said of her: "There could not be a greater intellect united with deeper humility. She is as simple and sincere as a child, with a judgment that is firm and noble. She is a great soul, with courage for holy enterprises above her sex," and again, in a sentence best left in French: "*Je vous vois avec votre coeur vigoureux qui aime et qui veut puissamment, et je lui en sais bon gré, car ces coeurs à demi morts, à quoi sont-ils bons?*"

They felt the need to reveal themselves without reserve. Madame de Chantal achieved this at once, but Francis was much slower. Not that he was purposely close—"I act openly," he confessed, "like a Frenchman of the old days . . . I hate duplicity as I hate death"—but he was a Savoyard and his leisurely, sinuous style reflected a character which had to reason out and be sure of every step.

His great precept to her was "Do everything by love, nothing by force; love obedience rather than fear disobedience." He drew up a rule for her to follow at Monthelon—prayer, penance and good works—and proposed St. Louis, King of France, as her model. He wanted his orders carried out "*rondement, franchement, naïvement, à la vieille française, avec liberté, à la bonne foi, grosso modo,*" a spirit which appealed to the young widow, whose favourite adverbs were "*rondement*" and "*dextrement*." Occasionally, however, he would insist on a particular act of obedience, making her eat the olives and fricassee of snails she detested, while Madame de Chantal, for her part, freely cut off the long, light brown hair in which she used to glory.

At first, indeed, she showed too much ardour. He wrote "This

panting of the heart, this flapping of the wings, this agitation of the will, prove a want of resignation." Any anxiety in the practise of virtue he disapproved, for his teaching was imbued with the joy of wonder at the beauty of all that is, with the joy of conforming to Beauty itself. "*Mirabilia opera tua, et anima mea cognoscit nimis*"—a favourite phrase—expressed his character and contained a poet's confession. Jeanne, who had inspired poetry in Christophe, now in a different order of love prompted Francis's most colourful images of the spiritual life. Concerning her violent temptations against faith, he wrote: "I was near a bee-hive the other day, and some of the bees lighted on my face. I was raising my hand to drive them away, when a peasant said to me: 'No, do not be afraid, let them alone. They will not hurt you!' I acted on his word, and not a single one stung me. Believe me, do not fear these temptations, do not touch them. They will do you no harm." Exhorting her to humility, he wrote: "Among beggars, the most disgusting consider themselves the most fortunate and the most calculated to secure alms. We are nothing but beggars. The most miserable are the best off."

Seldom had the beauty of a life dedicated to God been so vividly expressed as in those letters to Madame de Chantal—and it was herself that Francis described. Under their impulse, in 1605, she decided to leave the world, which for a woman necessarily meant joining the Carmelites, first established in France the year before. But the frosts of Savoy checked a too early flowering in the gardens of Burgundy. Francis was groping towards another course for her. At the moment he would not divulge it but consoled her with the promise that one day she would be able to leave the world.

She had to wait two more penitential years at Monthelon before Francis summoned her to Annecy and laid before her his plan to found the Visitation, an Order inspired by Jeanne, embodying the roles both of Mary and Martha, for those whose health or age would not support the rigours of Carmel. The principal difficulty was to free her from the claims of her family, and a further two years elapsed before the marriage of Marie-Aimée, one of her daughters, to Baron de Thorens, Francis's brother, made it possible for Madame de Chantal to stay permanently at Annecy, under Francis's direction.

A house was bought on the lake-edge, where on 6 June, 1610,

Madame de Chantal and two other Sisters became the first community of the Visitation. They wore a new habit: Madame de Chantal would have preferred a white veil lined with black and covered with another veil of crêpe, but Francis wanted a single layer of light woollen cloth, and she had learned now to fulfil his wishes. The Sisters bought a cow and distributed its milk to the poor children of Annecy, whom they were allowed to visit. The idea of uncloistered nuns was revolutionary and even though in 1617, on the orders of Cardinal de Marquemont, this practice had to be abandoned, the baton had been handed on: Vincent de Paul called his Sisters of Charity "the heritage of Madame de Chantal."

No less revolutionary was the abolition of fasting during half the year and rigorous physical mortification. The Visitation was conceived in the same spirit as the *Introduction to the Devout Life*: "It is an error, even a heresy, to try and banish a life of devotion from the great company of devoted people, from the artisan's shop, from the prince's court, from the household of married couples." Enemies charged that Francis had made a fine discovery, going to heaven by a road of thornless roses. He replied that the Order was like a March violet, not brilliantly coloured but nonetheless sweetly scented. An unseen, no less exacting discipline of mind and heart replaced that of the lash.

For Mother de Chantal those first years at Annecy were full of joy. The Sisters were so pliant and submissive that, in her own words, "she could twist them like handkerchiefs." "God has favoured us by giving such a turn of mind to the novices here that, if I wished them above the clouds, they would soar above them; or at the centre of the earth, they would bury themselves in it."

In 1616, when the Order had been set on a sure footing, Francis decided that he and his "dear soul" had advanced to a point where the linking rope must be cut. He suggested that they meet and correspond only rarely, deliberately sacrificing their friendship to God. For once Mother de Chantal's letter betrayed the extent of her suffering: "*Que le rasoir a pénétré avant!*" she cried. But she and Francis lived up to this resolution during the last years of his life and when Francis died in 1622 at the age of fifty-five his spiritual daughter was not at his bedside.

Francis had embodied the very religious spirit of his age, so

that with the century his Order rapidly grew. Mother de Chantal, instead of finding that peace for prayer and contemplation on which she had been counting, was once more obliged to become an administrator. "*Mon esprit hait grandement l'action*" she wrote to Vincent, yet she forced herself to take care of every least detail, dictating to three secretaries simultaneously, checking novices who insisted on bringing their four-posters with them, bargaining for leases of new houses, appealing for money. From 1617 to 1624 she was still further occupied in marrying her remaining children: Celse-Bénigne, who had stayed behind in Burgundy with his grandfather, and Françoise, her companion at Annecy. When, within a few years, both died, Mother de Chantal adopted Celse-Bénigne's little girl, the future Madame de Sévigné.

In 1628 plague broke out in France. People fled the cities, but the enclosed nuns could not flee. Streets were covered with grass and traversed by wolves preying on the unburied dead. A year of plague brought a year of famine, which reintroduced the plague. Medicine, flour, a flock of sheep were dispatched from Annecy to the daughter houses, while Mother de Chantal travelled unceasingly, visiting, consoling, setting disorder to rights. The starlings received their sugar; as for the girl of Dijon, she had become famous now, so that her tattered habit and veil were clipped as she sped along the roads of France.

She proved a great administrator, a woman of action worthy of her favourite book, the Acts of the Apostles. A less easy task was to control the sensitive, well-bred girls who entered the Order in increasing numbers, to hide her laughter while reproving their fashionable, mincing ways. "God bless me, my daughter! How is it possible that you have allowed such an extravagant idea to enter your mind as that we wished to place ourselves under the third Order of St. Francis de Paula?" They took offence so easily; again and again she was obliged to protest "I have not had the very faintest shadow of suspicion about you." When young Sisters wanted to know the difference between contemplation and meditation, "Give them books and conferences treating of the virtues," she replied, "and tell them they must set about practising them." Scrupulously she guarded the rules laid down by Francis, against even the most oblique threat. "As to what you say, my dearest daughter, about poultry being much cheaper in your little town than butcher's meat, and that in consequence had you not better

purchase it instead for the community? I answer, you must not introduce this custom." And her bold script was seismic with laughter.

Difficulties grew more acute on the fringe between her Order and the world, where her authority was not unquestioningly recognised. Rich persons who wanted to secure the privileges of a foundress, benefactors who insisted on having their cousins and their aunts to meals and to sleep in the convent; in particular, haughty mothers with whom she was obliged more than once to duel. "It is well to let persons of this kind, who think they are conferring a great obligation on our houses by putting their daughters or relatives with us, know that the house obliges them quite as much by receiving subjects with such small dowries as they oblige us by sending them."

In a life so dedicated to a growing congregation, only an occasional letter reveals Mother de Chantal's personal ways. Like Francis, she loved flowers, making a point of growing fine lilies for the convent altars, and she loved fresh air. Her intuitive mind having once arrived at truth was impatient of masculine syllogisms, so that she usually asked readers in the refectory to omit miracles and revelations made in confirmation of faith. Francis's principle, "Win the back-sliding by gentleness," she applied so faithfully that Vincent de Paul could say "The guidance of a convent of the Visitation is of no more weight than a ring upon one's finger." On one occasion a Sister had been ordered to drink only water for a few days, as a penance. Mother de Chantal, judging that the Sister's weak stomach would suffer, obtained permission to mitigate the punishment. She filled the offender's glass with pale white wine, "so that the community which had seen her faults might not see her omitting her penance."

She found the utmost difficulty in giving a conference, she who was always there, at the end of the road, anxious only to practise what she so wholeheartedly knew to be true. Instead, she gave detailed answers to Sisters' questions. Her favourite exhortation was "Be humble, gentle, submissive." "You put me to confusion by asking me about prayer. Alas, daughter, it is usually nothing but distractions and a little suffering." On the other hand, "the soul that can say with truth that she is always ready for whatever is commanded or wished of her can say with equal truth that she is always in prayer." "Leave yourselves in the hands of God and

of obedience as a bit of clay that is trampled underfoot, moulded and unmoulded anew." Brevity being the soul of self-denial, very rarely would she allow herself a striking image such as those which had flowed from Francis's pen. "I am told something good of one for whom I have no great affection . . . I lessen it by some little word I murmur in an undertone, and this word, falling like a drop of oil on cloth, makes an impression that cannot be effaced in the heart of the Sister who has heard it." Again and again she returned to the importance of humility, which at Monthelon had given her the key to the good life. "You mention that Sister M. Anastase works miracles. Note first: true humility does not set down as miraculous the succour God gives us in the daily events of life; and, secondly, if it pleases His infinite goodness to work things evidently miraculous by means of this dear Sister, it must not, during her lifetime, be divulged outside, nor even made much of within the convent."

As the convents multiplied, until at the end of her life she had founded over eighty, the world encroached more and more. Letter after tedious letter had to be dictated or written, each instilled with her distinctive virtue of sweet common sense: "We usually make the tunics of English frieze; if the bodices are not lined they will not be warm enough, at least so they say, and experience seems to prove it, since for one or two who are not chilly you will find twenty who are." Sanctity had turned out to be writing thousands of letters like that!

She who wished to "live above herself, entirely in God" was hardly permitted to glimpse Him during the last eight years of her life. Not even at Bourbilly had she suffered such agony. Doubts extended to herself and even to her own love of God. "I speak of God; I write of Him as if I feel what I am saying, but in fact I feel no pleasure, indeed it costs me a violent physical effort." She had no Christophe, no Francis to console her now. Those to whom she entrusted the direction of her soul, Visitandine superiors tempted less than she, were moved to shame as much as sympathy. She longed for death and even encouraged her soul by looking up the age at which her ancestors had died, hoping not to outlive them. In the last year of her life she was attacked by all the spiritual temptations, difficulties and aversions about which Sisters asked her advice. While she consoled them, she herself remained in lassitude and misery. Yet outwardly, she remained *douce* and,

to the end, vigorous, so that, aged almost seventy, her brisk step astonished younger women.

Returning from yet another long journey of Visitation across France—a true campaign—she fell ill of pneumonia at Moulins. When she knew she was dying she dictated a farewell letter to her eighteen hundred daughters, exhorting obedience to the rule. During her last days she had the epitaph of St. Jerome on St. Paula repeated, and said several times: “What are we? Nothing but atoms beside those great saints.” She asked that an account of Francis’s death should be read to her, then the description of St. Monica’s death from Augustine’s *Confessions*. Her confessor asked whether she did not hope Francis would come to meet her. “Yes,” she replied, “I am counting on that. He promised me as much.” At six in the evening of 13 December, 1641, she took a crucifix and candle into her tormented hands. The priest consoled her by saying that her great sufferings were the clamour which precedes the coming of the Bridegroom. “He is approaching. Don’t you want to go and meet him?” “Yes, my father, I am going.” Like Christophe, like Francis, she died with the name of Jesus on her lips.

COLOUR IN AFRICA

AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA-SUDAN may be divided into three main parts for the study of what is known as the Colour Question.

West Africa, from Cape Verde to the Cameroons and the northern portion, at least, of French Equatorial Africa, is completely Africa of the Black Man, either Negro or Bantu. The White Man is there only to do for the African things which he, the African, is not yet able to do for himself; he is administrator, educator, priest, engineer, technician. When the African no longer needs him, the White Man will go.

The Union of South Africa, in which we may include the mandated S.W. Africa, has its own Colour Question. The present situation is summed up in a statement made by Mr. J. G. Strijdom, then Minister of Lands, at a meeting at Winburg on 25 July, 1950. He said that “for the Nationalists, the nation comprised only the White People of South Africa.” He is the Mr. Strijdom who has since become the Prime

Minister of the Union. His party, the Nationalist Party, is firmly established in power. The Black people in the Union are therefore not only a subject, but also an inferior race. Many articles have been, are being, and will be, written about what this means; and that is the Colour Question in the Union. I do not propose to discuss it at all here.

With the exception of the extreme southern Sudan, Aethiopia, and Somaliland, which forms a special case, and of the Southern Protectorates, Swaziland, Basutoland, and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, which form another special case, of uncertain future and policy, the remainder of Africa, south of the Sahara-Sudan belt consists of what has been called "Capricorn Africa;" Uganda, Kenya, the Belgian Congo, Ruanda-Urundi, southern French Equatorial Africa, Angola, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias and Nyasaland (now united in a Federation), and Mocambique. Capricorn Africa may be treated as a whole, for, with minor differences, it nourishes a single concept of the relative parts to be played by the two races, White and Black, in future developments; a concept basically different from that of either West Africa or the Union of South Africa. It is that concept and its implications which I propose briefly to discuss.

In Capricorn Africa the white man, on the whole, may be regarded as holding two trusteeships. He is the trustee of Africa for Western Christian Civilisation; and he is the trustee of the Africans for their future.¹ In the endeavour to implement those trusteeships the European in Africa has to assume the burden of a task that has never been achieved fully in all human history on any considerable scale. This is: to build one nation, with as full an economic efficiency as is compatible with the preservation of certain non-economic values, from two component communities which are vastly different in their cultures, their attitudes to life, their standards of living, and even in their skin colouring. As far as can be seen, the only way of achieving this task, and so of im-

¹ In saying that the White Man is the trustee of Africa for Western Christian Civilisation, it should be noted that the African may not agree fully with this: and certainly many Indians who have not detached themselves from their primary allegiance to India would heartily disagree. Many Africans nurse the notion that one day there will be an "Africa for the Africans" (*i.e.*, for the Bantu, or Negroes). If that should happen they would not consider themselves in any way committed to Western Christian Civilisation.

Some Indians are strongly imbued with the idea of Africa as a living space for the excess population of India. There are societies in India and elsewhere to promote that objective. If that came about, the whole of Capricorn Africa could rapidly be absorbed into Indian civilisation, as the annual increase of India's population is such that eight years' increase would total more than the whole population, of all races, of Africa from the Equator to the Cape of Good Hope. But this article is written on the assumption that the idea of the two trusteeships, of Africa for Western Civilisation, and of Africans for their future, will prevail.

plementing the two trusteeships, will be by adhering firmly to seven essential objectives: (1) Western and Christian Civilisation in Capricorn Africa must be preserved and extended; (2) To ensure this, provision must be made for European immigration to the full capacity of the country to absorb it; (3) The development of the Bantu in the terms of that Western Christian Civilisation to the full extent of his capacity to absorb it, must be promoted; (4) There must be as ample an opportunity as can be provided for the inherent capacities of all, in every sphere—economic, social, and political—to be employed to the optimum, regarding each person as an individual, not as the member of a race; (5) There must be no lowering of the standards of the at-present-more-advanced-race, nor exploitation of the lower standards of the at-present-less-advanced race; (6) There must be ample provision of sheltered areas (Native Reserves, etc.) for Africans unable to adjust themselves to the demands for an advancing Western Christian Civilisation; and (7) specifically, the advancing Bantu must be allowed the full privileges of responsible self-government to the extent to which he is able to qualify for its exercise.

The Colour Question in Capricorn Africa consists of the resolution, as far as possible, of the inevitable difficulties and contradictions based on the immense diversity of the component communities which will arise in the course of pursuing those seven essential objectives.

From the foregoing it will be seen that it is quite unrealistic, at least in Capricorn Africa, to speak of "*the* Native Problem," as though all these problems were one, the solution of which could be found, on the analogy of finding a solution of the problem of the value of y , if $x + y = 987654321$, and $x - y = 27$. There is no such single problem. In fact it would be much safer to speak of the Question of "Internal Frontiers" if we wish to put the Colour Question into a proper perspective.

Every nation has a geographical frontier. Most nations also have internal frontiers. In England there used to be frontiers between classes; in India, between Mohammedan and Hindu, and between Brahmin and "untouchable": in parts of the U.S.A., between the American-born of Northern European or of Anglo-Saxon origin and the immigrant of South European stock: in Canada between the British and the French: in Australia between the "native-born" and the "pommy." In Capricorn Africa the internal frontiers are between White and Black. This internal frontier runs through every sphere of life—politics, economics, sport, social life, education, land ownership and occupation, professional life, commercial life and practically every other activity. At ten thousand places along that frontier White and Black meet; and their

meetings constitute the Colour Question. Sometimes the frontier is clearly marked: sometimes it is blurred and indistinct. Sometimes it is the scene of peaceful intercourse between the people on either side of the frontier: sometimes of uncertainty, unrest and chaos. The frontier has been in evidence recently in connection with membership of a university college and with the right of a barrister to practise his profession in an accessible area, in both cases the issues were satisfactorily settled. On the day this is written there is a report in the daily press of its cropping up in connection with European and African Girl Guides in Northern Rhodesia attending a party. It has not yet cropped up in connection with European and African expectant mothers using the same hospital and labour wards; but it may. These represent the less generally publicised spheres through which the internal frontiers run. There are also those which all too often make headlines in the press: the franchise; the ownership and occupation of land; representation in Parliament; eligibility for posts in the public service; the right to carry arms and consume alcoholic beverages; the right to intermarry. Remembering always that the White Man in Capricorn Africa has two trusteeships, it is the resolution of the thousand and one difficulties and contradictions which occur along the internal racial frontiers which constitute the Colour question and its multitudinous problems.

There is, of course, no single and simple rule to meet all these problems. To "treat all races alike, without distinction of class, colour or creed," attractive though it may sound in less troubled countries, would, in Capricorn Africa, certainly betray one or other of the trusteeships, possibly both. Its most likely effect would be to betray the "trusteeship of Africa for Western Christian Civilisation" by returning the country to barbarism as a prelude to its seizure by and for Asiatic Communism. If the White man should survive in Africa as part of a community where there is "no discrimination between the races whatever," there would be a betrayal of the "trusteeship of the African" in the form of rank exploitation of the African by the White. For it must not be overlooked that some of the "differentiation" of treatment between African and European, is in the interests of the African.

The only general rule that I, for my part, can conceive, is that each part of the internal racial frontier must be treated on its merits according to the principles adopted in seeking the seven essential objectives, with the aim of serving the two trusteeships: and the treatment may have to be varied from time to time, as the changing circumstances demand. In other words, to deal with the Colour Question, we must have aims (the two trusteeships) and principles (the principles that embody the seven essential objectives); but to lay down any over-all specific method is virtually impossible, and totally impracticable. At the same time, it must be emphasised that the spirit of the trusteeships

and of the principles must be observed. It is, for example, tempting to overlook the key importance of the word "Christian" in the first trusteeship, for Western Christian Civilisation. If it is overlooked, the survival of the White Man *qua* White Man can become the supreme aim; and half the claim of the White Man to direct policy in respect of African affairs ("Native Policy," generally so-called) loses its moral justification. It becomes exploitation in favour of the survival of the White Man, and carries in it the seeds of its own destruction.

Every case that arises along the internal racial frontier must receive, in its treatment, a strict observance of the letter and the spirit of the two trusteeships and of the seven essential objectives. So, and so only, can a just Native Policy, a policy in respect of the Colour Question, be found, a policy that will stand up to every test, and to the test of time.

It would be wrong to pretend that the application of the foregoing maxims would allow solutions to be found, simply and easily, to all the difficulties that will occur along the whole length of the "internal frontiers." A Government faced with the Colour Question could certainly announce its mission and proclaim its policy, in terms of the two trusteeships and the seven essential objectives: but many items of its programme would require prolonged study, and the assemblage of much knowledge that to-day is a hidden secret. There is, as the first difficulty, so very much we do not know about African psychology. I do not subscribe to belief in that purely abstract conception "the Native," for all Africans are individuals; it is nevertheless undeniable that the African communities are, as said before, immensely different from the European communities, with which we are familiar. It is permissible to quote a passage from Grousset's *Bilan de l'Histoire*:

Astronomers tell us that the various parts of the heavens, although we can survey them with one glance in a single second, are not "synchronistic" but exist at different times. Stars which seem to send us rays simultaneously are actually abysses apart, not only in space but in time. Some which still seem to be shining overhead may have been extinct for millions of years. And others have been born whose rays have not yet had time to reach us. So it is with peoples For humanity, this chronological "staggering" constitutes the direst of perils. Most of our misfortunes spring from the act that, not living in the same era, culturally, people do obeisance neither to the same logic nor to the same ethics.¹

The task of building one nation from two such diverse communities must inevitably face great difficulties. Most scientists profess to find little or no difference in the inherent mental capacities of different races

¹ Translated by A. and H. Temple Patterson, under the title, *The Sum of History*.

of mankind. I bow to their immensely superior knowledge: but cannot help feeling I have had experience of Africans who "not living in the same era culturally . . . do obeisance neither to the same logic nor to the same ethics." For example, in the course of a political campaign certain African opponents decided to spread the story that I, the present writer, was engaged in 1952 in trapping Africans in Northern Rhodesia on behalf of the Society I represented, and selling them to the Congo, to be eaten! Spreading untruths as a political device is nothing new, of course: but that such a fantastic story should be believed so completely that an educated African, an office worker, on the strength of it, should threaten to murder two Africans supposed to be working for me, and meaning it so much that he was sentenced to five years in prison, indicates a capacity of credulousness that does not belong to this era.¹

Nor is it particularly uncommon for an African political leader to make a statement which he and everyone of his hearers know is completely untrue, and for action thereon to be taken as though it were true. This is not lying in the sense in which we use the word: it is an odd mental trait which leads the African not seldom to make the most extreme statement that would aid his case if it were true, and wait expectantly to see if it will result in action. Those are examples of a mental climate in the African which, with all respect to the anthropologists, I do not think we yet understand.

As examples of other spheres in which we know very little of the Africans, with possibly disastrous effects upon the best laid plans for their advancement, there is the fact that, throughout Africa, south of the Sahara, no one has yet found the incentive that will make the African labourer in Africa "put his back into" a job as other races of the world do, and as the African negro in America does. The Secretary for Native Affairs of Southern Rhodesia deals with this at some length in his annual report for 1953, from which I will quote a brief extract:

In the field of Labour one thing is clear. We have not yet found what will make the African like to work. We are beginning to lose hope in all the favourable changes that have been so hopefully introduced over the past years—better feeding, improved housing, social and recreational amenities, higher wages, incentive systems. The sum total of all these changes seems to have awakened a demand for more and more while doing less and less.

The same conclusion has been formed in other parts of Africa. This has a clear bearing on the Colour Question, because it results that the

¹ The details of the case are stated in the *Northern News*, Ndola, of 26 January, 1953.

African in industry is unable to earn a wage—as a rule—that will enable him to pay an economic rent for a house in which he can bring up a family in decency; and the appalling effects of this when there are large agglomerations of Africans in towns may well be imagined. It is one of the most deplorable aspects of the Colour Question; and it is, in many ways, capable of changing the whole character of a people.

The foregoing example may be considered as a special aspect of another cause of innumerable difficulties when moving from principles to programmes in matters connected with the Colour Question, namely, the shattering effects of the impact when a money economy is first applied to a people who have been living for thousands of years in a purely subsistence economy as peasant producers of their own food, or hunters. This impact may have very different effects in different parts of Africa. For example in one country it may result in an acceleration of the rate of population increase: in another it may have the effect of causing a decline in population. The only invariable result I have noticed in those parts of Africa with which I am acquainted is that it inevitably results in prostitution, which is not a feature of a subsistence economy.

Another difficulty in translating principles into programme is that on the "internal frontier" the whole situation is constantly subject to change—sometimes quite unexpected change spread over a very short period. At the first stage of occupation by a European power of a territory previously held by African tribal authorities, I believe the British have an unrivalled administrative record for bringing order, justice, and impartiality. But at the next stage, when the impact of a different economy and political order is beginning to make itself felt vigorously, I am inclined to think the Portuguese and the Belgians bring a livelier imagination to bear in instituting the principle of the "*assimilado*" and the "*évolué*." But again, it is found that some of the most progressive members of these classes decline to mix with the more backward—yet forward-moving—men of their own people. Have the very merits of the plan which brought those men and women forward—the "*assimilado*" and the "*évolué*"—resulted in robbing their fellow Africans of the pick of their own people? This, too, is an unknown quantity of the Colour Question.

Large scale immigration of Europeans will certainly have effects upon the Colour Question. It could have bad effects. Yet it seems to be essential if the White Man's trusteeship of Africa for Western Christian Civilisation is to be maintained until it can safely be handed over to an effectively multi-racial democracy. Democracy is all too obviously not the most effective government that could be devised for the good of the people: indeed, we do not know yet if the African will ever be able to compass the idea of a "tolerated Opposition," the core of a real

democracy, or if when in a governing position, he will always regard an opposition as it was regarded by Tshaka, Msiligazi and the Afro-Asiatic Peoples' Progressive Party of British Guiana—as something to be liquidated as soon as possible. But in the present climate of world opinion it would be impossible for a tiny minority, however unselfish and however modelled on Plato's "guardians," to remain for long as the government of any part of Africa. Therefore large scale European immigration into Africa is essential, if both the trusteeships are to be carried out. Yet that, too, must have considerable and perhaps unpredictable, effects upon the Colour Question.

There is one difficulty that can be avoided—the quite ungovernable confusion of the Colour Question and the sacrifice of both the trusteeships that would result from an unlimited, or even very large, immigration of Asiatics.

Finally, it is probably too much to hope that the Colour Question should not continue to be bedevilled by a stream of "vivid presentations" of a "continent in turmoil" by peripatetic and even indigenous journalists, merely seeking the glittering phrase that sells a book quickly, disregarding the truth and probably incapable of understanding the heart of the matter. All these and many more difficulties will help to confuse the Colour Question. Some of them will appear insoluble; but their apparent insolubility must not be allowed to exempt any proposed way of treating them from the sternest examination in the light of the two trusteeships and the principles that control the quest of the essential objectives. There is no one solution to the Colour Question. There will be ten thousand Colour Questions along the internal frontiers, and their solutions have to be lived. I have hope, and a good hope, that, moving always cautiously—but not mistaking slowness for caution—we shall be able to live out our Colour Question by faith in principles, and that the verdict of history will be that we have been true to our two trusteeships.

N. H. WILSON

REVIEWS

THE ELIZABETHAN REFORMATION

The Reformation in England. III: "True Religion now Established," by Philip Hughes (Hollis and Carter 42s).

The English Reformation, by Gerard Culkin (Paternoster Publications 6s).

MR. A. L. ROWSE, in the first sentence of his *England of Elizabeth*, remarked that the reign of which he was writing is one which is still with us. The observation was very true, for perhaps no epoch in our past has a more deep and direct influence on the sentiment of the England of today than the forty-five years' reign of Elizabeth I. And yet about no other age is the popular conception so far from the truth. Had these years been a time when no great issues were decided, the misunderstanding might have meant little. But unfortunately, as we all know, this was the reign which in the main moulded the religious future of England, at least till the present century.

Fr. Hughes's book must therefore be called a very important one indeed. It is the first full and complete account written by a Catholic in the light of modern research, of the third and last stage in the process by which England became Protestant. He describes the foundation of the new church in 1559 by the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, the kind of church which was set up, criticism and attacks on it by Thomas Cartwright and other Protestants whom it did not satisfy, and lastly, the bewilderment of the Catholic majority, but the magnificent rally of at least some of them after the foundation of Douai and the coming of the first missionaries.

On p. 357 Fr. Hughes speaks of Meyer's *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth* as "still after forty years, the 'last word' on its highly important subject." Some may think this rather slighting to Fr. Pollen's *English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, which appeared four years after the English translation of Meyer's work, and which, if a less comprehensive account, yet is in some respects more thorough. Nevertheless almost all will probably agree that Fr. Hughes's book has superseded both, and that, for our generation at least, it is likely to remain the classic work on the subject. It is worthy of the matter of which it treats. Fr. Hughes has the advantage over his fore-runners of all the work which has been produced in the last three decades—to mention only a little—Fr. Leo Hicks's volume of Fr. Persons's letters, Mr. A. C. Southern's *Elizabethan Recusant Prose*, Dr. W. P. M. Kennedy's *Elizabethan Episcopal Administration*, and, in the parliamentary sphere, the researches of Professor J. E. Neale. Fr. Hughes does not argue, nor try to present a case. He lets his authorities speak

for themselves, and what they make clear is the fixed determination of the Elizabethan government from the beginning of the reign to stamp out Catholicism in the most effective way possible. If there were no martyrdoms for the first ten years, this was not due to clemency but to the knowledge that at this period other kinds of force were more effective. But though the persecution was attaining its end without bloodshed, it remained persecution. "A blockade," as Fr. Hughes says, "is as truly and as terribly an act of war as a battle."

Why the persecution brought so many to martyrdom after the first decade of the reign was not on account of Elizabeth's excommunication, nor on account of plots against her, but because Catholicism was not only surviving, but growing. The government was taking vengeance on Catholics, not because they plotted or because they did not acknowledge Elizabeth, but because more people were becoming Catholic, more were hearing Mass and coming to the Sacraments. As far as the excommunication was concerned, Allen was able to proclaim before all Europe in his *Defence of Catholics* of 1584 that with regard to English Catholics, it was a dead letter. In their propaganda the government represented Campion and Persons as traitors, but when they got Campion into their hands, it was not in his supposed treason that they showed interest and about which they questioned him, but about where he had said Mass, whose Confessions he had heard and whom he had reconciled to the Church. These were his real offences in the eyes of the men who killed him. Fr. Hughes is able to give much similar evidence from other sources, for example from the certificates of the keepers of the London prisons.

At the very end of the reign the government's religious policy remains unchanged, as is shown by Elizabeth's remarks to the French ambassador only five months before her death. She was prepared to admit, she said, that the appellant clergy were loyal subjects, but she would not tolerate them, for she would not have two religions in the country. There could hardly be a clearer admission that the practice of Catholicism was the real crime, and not plotting or the denial of allegiance, and that the only way to escape persecution was apostasy.

Perhaps on the whole these are the most important sections of the book, because probably no one has ever dealt with this question so thoroughly; but even had they not been written, the book would have been invaluable. Detailed examination of Jewel's *Apology*, the *Book of the Homilies* and other contemporary works shows how completely different was the Elizabethan church from the orthodox Catholicism of the past. And incidentally there is something ironical in the realization that what so many members of the Church of England today would like to believe, is demolished so effectively by the earliest of the classic *apologies* for the Church of England!

Fr. Hughes shows too what perhaps few, except professional ecclesiastical historians, have realised, how mean and tottering an institution it was which the Elizabethans set up under the name of a Church, with an insufficient clergy, and many of these ignorant and poverty-stricken, and a flock either apathetic or of scoffing Puritans. The words of Dr. Frere, which he quotes, were well chosen, "The practice of religion had sunk to a very low ebb. . . there had been a moment when hatred of Spain and Rome seemed to be the only bit of religion left in the English church." Alas, for the "True Religion now established"!

In details the book might be improved. There are omissions and inaccuracies in the index, and there is a misprint on page 138, and, apparently, on page 164. Queen's College on page 190 should be Queens' College. And is the author right in assigning the date 1862 to an edition of D'Ewes' *Journals*? Moreover, as Richard Holtby was born in 1552, should he be referred to as "a young Jesuit missionary" in 1594? But these points are obviously of very minor importance, and in no way stand in the way of the book being, on account of its important theme, historical insight and sound scholarship, one of the most vital historical works of recent years.

Fr. Culkin's small book of some hundred pages gives clearly and concisely the story of the Reformation from Henry VIII's attempt to get his marriage annulled until the accession of James I. It is based on the most up-to-date scholarship, and shows that the author has a keen eye for what is most important for the understanding of the religious history of these years. Books for further reading are suggested. It is admirably suited to give an enquirer a simple but clear idea of what the English Reformation really was.

W. F. REA

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Gladstone: A Biography, by Philip Magnus (John Murray, 28s).

THE WRITING of a political biography is never easy; it becomes a task of appalling magnitude when the subject is a man who, entering public life at twenty-one, leaves it at eighty-five, having in the meantime changed his political affiliations, been Prime Minister four times, and played a major part in every issue of importance that cropped up in his lifetime, even those that had no strictly political implications. Such was Gladstone, the Grand Old Man, the writing of whose life in the grand old-fashioned manner, drew six million words from his official biographer, John Morley. Morley's concern with details was whetted by the care that Gladstone had taken to husband every scrap of

paper. Indeed, there was an embarrassment of documentation, but a great deal of it could not be immediately used. For one thing, Queen Victoria was still alive when Morley began his biography and she figured very largely in what were probably the most painful episodes in Gladstone's career. All the characters in the Parnell tragedy, with the exception of the Irish leader himself, were still active and Hammond's *Gladstone and the Irish Nation* (1938) has shown what a vast illumination the Hawarden papers cast on the Parnell-O'Shea affair and on the backstage negotiations about Home Rule. Morley likewise, from his position of unbelief, felt obliged to restrain himself in dealing with the religious side of Gladstone's character.

Times and biographical styles have changed and the new Life which Sir Philip Magnus has given us, while a mere one-thirtieth the size of Morley's—surely an outstanding act of compression—has the real distinction of covering the whole area of documentation without omitting any essential aspect of Gladstone's career. Something besides detail has no doubt been sacrificed but the final result is an excellent book. The personality of the subject is elevated above the events in which he figured. Gladstone is seen as a man whose crusading zeal grows out of a unique sense of religion and an extremely happy family environment.

Gladstone was essentially, and, for a public man, quite unusually, religious; he was in fact a sort of spoiled priest of the Anglican communion. To be a minister had been his earliest wish and to the end of his life his mind was always turning back to that thwarted vocation. This partly explains his approach to the masses with whom he felt he shared God's purpose in some incomprehensible fashion. It explains also his frequent and entirely sincere references to the Almighty which embarrassed his friends and caused his enemies to regard him as a hypocrite. Hypocrisy was, however, one of the minor charges levelled against him: for years his superb rescue work among street girls involved him in an unending series of calumnies, all of which he faced with a Christlike fortitude. But heroically apostolic though he was, he never warmed to Catholicism. In his early days he believed that most Catholics would be damned and, logically therefore, did his best to prevent his sister's conversion. Later he could describe the Pope's Government as "a foul blot upon the face of creation, an offence to Christendom and to mankind."

But Gladstone's ideas changed a great deal during his long life, and it is fascinating to watch the progression in himself and in the great bodies of people he for so long induced to support his revolutionary policies, a progression for which his party had often little enthusiasm but were slow to oppose. His Irish policy provides the most striking example of this development. Gladstone originally advocated the

ruthless coercion of Ireland and the maintenance of all the privileges of the church of the Protestant minority. By his middle years he had not merely disestablished that church and initiated the policy of buying out the landlords but had identified himself in the most intimate manner with the Irish demand for self-government. It was this sort of behaviour that caused many people in Britain to call Gladstone a lunatic, a traitor, and even an advocate of Communism, while in Ireland it put his picture, alongside those of St. Patrick and Robert Emmet, on the walls of practically every home. This was an honour no other English politician ever attained, and one that was speedily withdrawn on the occurrence of what Sir Philip recognises to have been one of the cardinal blunders of Gladstone's career, namely the issue, under pressure from Morley, of that letter which by facing the Irish Party with a choice between Gladstone and Parnell split the supporters of Home Rule for a generation and paved the way for the success of the physical force men. How different the history of these islands might have been had Gladstone and Parnell been able to give effect to the modest Home Rule Bill of 1886!

In retrospect Gladstone's Irish policy is seen to have been a failure, at best a "near-miss," whereas his utter inability to induce Queen Victoria to follow a consistently constitutional line has paradoxically become his most enduring success. What he posthumously did was to transform the Crown politically into a rubber stamp—I quote Sir Philip's own words—at the same time enhancing to an incalculable degree the force of its moral and emotional appeal. That particular achievement reflects Gladstone's idealism which always displayed itself in the search for the best instead of the merely good. It reflects likewise his concern with the liberty of the subject and the survival of popular democracy. It does not so obviously reflect Gladstone's other constant preoccupation, namely, to conform politics with the highest Christian ethic. If, however, some evidence of that conformity is to be found in this turbulent generation, to Gladstone must go a large measure of gratitude for the survival. Sir Philip must be thanked too for recalling for us how supremely important it is that we should never forget the pre-eminence of religion in political, or indeed in any other, affairs.

LEON O'BROIN

BRIDGET OF SWEDEN

St. Bridget of Sweden, by Johannes Jörgensen. Translated by Ingebord Lund. (Longmans. Two vols., 25s each).

WE HAVE NEVER RECOVERED from the Reformation, so far as our cultus of the saints is concerned. How depopulated are our churches! And perhaps our northern saints are especially ignored. Special festivities may be organised in honour, say, of St. Chad, St. Edward, St. Cuthbert: but devotion eludes organisation, and must spring spontaneously from the soul and all too seldom does it do so. But evidently one cannot be devout to one of whom one knows nothing. So a first step is the writing of Lives of Saints such as are critically sound as well as showing spiritual insight. Only then should the more popular Life be written, safeguarded from the pious romancing which was responsible for a general distrust of the *genre vie de saint*. Over fifty years ago Johannes Jörgensen began to meditate his Life of St. Bridget; during those long years, distracted by other work, though by work that he loved, he continued to collect the material which makes this book a work of true erudition without refusing to itself the many asides and vignettes which the author's wit and sense of the colour of life so much enjoy. And he has had the good fortune of finding his Danish translated into Miss Lund's lucid and fluent English. St. Bridget lived from 1303 to 1373: she married Ulf Gudmars-son and gave birth to eight children: she became almost a governess to the young king Magnus and his bride Blanche of Namur. She had been a loving and practical wife and mother, and as devoted to the poor and sick as Elizabeth of Hungary, but now it became her duty to act as "admonitrix" to king and court, and did not increase her popularity by the visions that so constantly were hers. Benedict XIV names her as among those whose seemingly preternatural experiences can make no claim to our faith; and indeed it is interesting to see how she expresses her "dreams" (as the courtiers called them) in the language of the books she read, just as the language of their nation and time colours the visions of a St. Hildegard, St. Gertrude or St. Margaret Mary. But it was a world of pilgrimage—to Jerusalem, Rome, Compostella. It was to Spain that she went with Ulf in 1341, a journey brilliantly related here. But in 1344 Ulf died, and in 1350 Bridget went to Rome for the Jubilee though there was no Pope there, and the violence of her rebukes of the vices of clergy and laity alike surpassed that even of St. Catherine. Drama reaches its peak when Bridget and her son Karl passed through Naples on the way to the Holy Land. Joanna I, the queen there, that "harlot enthroned," was fascinated by the tall northerner and resolved to marry him though his third wife still lived. In 1372 she insisted on opening the

carnival ball with him: only a few days later, he died of a frightful haemorrhage. Joanna insisted on his solemn burial. Almost incredibly, Bridget remained in touch with the dreadful queen, if so be her soul might be saved. But in 1382 she died, strangled in her bed and excommunicate. In the kaleidoscopic history of St. Bridget we may at first be struck by its rich romance and variety; but forthwith realize just what we half-despair of to-day—the unity of Europe due to the Catholic Faith, a faith taught in all its mystical height and sublimity as well as in its more pedestrian orthodoxy. And happy must Mr. Jørgensen be to return thus, after his second home in Italy, to the lands of St. Erik, St. Olaf, St. Knud; and ourselves we may be proud that the Bridgetines in Devonshire descend in unbroken line from the saint who built Vadstena.

C. C. MARTINDALE

MOHAMMEDAN STATE—BASTION OF FREEDOM?

Jinnah, Creator of Pakistan, by Hector Bolitho (John Murray 18s).

MANY WHO WERE IN INDIA some fifteen years ago may have shared the experience of the reviewer discussing with Mohammedans the idea, then recently launched, of a separate Muslim state. "It's only a bargaining counter of Jinnah's," we were told. "If it were proved desirable, it would still be quite impracticable." Truly is Jinnah called creator of Pakistan; the achievement in the face of what seemed insuperable obstacles is the measure of his greatness.

He has found in the author of this biography a worthy recorder and interpreter, one who has earned the facilities accorded him by the Pakistan Government.

Jinnah is one of history's most astonishing paradoxes. Westernised to the point of being a master of English language, thought and culture, he made these—and not the language of his own people—the instruments of a great Eastern nation. Suspect to his own Muslim people as lacking orthodoxy, he is the founder of the greatest Mohammedan State. Detached and cold as few men have ever been, he won the blind, even fanatical attachment of millions. In conditions where—in the East especially—the end is held to justify almost any means, Jinnah stands out a colossus of honesty and sincerity. Where corruption is most taken for granted, he seemed proof against even the breath of temptation.

There was a time when Mohammed Ali Jinnah seemed to realise fully the difficulties with which to-day the friends of Pakistan are unhappily familiar—the problems of West and East Pakistan divided from one another by twelve hundred miles of hostile Indian territory, from each other by barriers of race and language; of economic dangers from seemingly unnatural division of resources; of frontier and military

headaches; of widespread illiteracy; the lack of a minimum pool of competent, reliable administrators.

All these risks he faced, and reckoned them a lesser hazard than to deliver his millions of Muslims to a (Hindu) Congress "whose aim is to annihilate every other organisation in the country and to set itself up as a Fascist authoritarian organisation of the worst type." More significant to-day than even he knew in 1940 was this warning to the British people:

who to-day consider religion as a matter private and personal between man and God. This can never be the case with Hinduism and Islam—which govern not so much man's relation with God as man's relation with his neighbour. They govern not only his law and culture, but every aspect of his social life, and such religions, essentially exclusive, completely preclude that merging of identity and unity of thought on which Western democracy is based.

Thus the man who trusted Christians sufficiently to leave his beloved sister Fatima a boarder at a Bombay convent, furious protests notwithstanding.

But the Hindu was to him a man who loved what the Muslim hated, hated what the Muslim loved. Better rivers of blood, ghastly atrocities, millions of refugees, than subject a Muslim nation to Hindu domination.

Why such a dread? As a young man, and a poor one, he had joined Lincoln's Inn "because there was on the main entrance the name of the Prophet included in the list of the great law-givers of the world." His life-work as he came to see it was to build in the continent of caste a bastion of defence for Mohammedan equality of man.

It is a curious postscript to Mohammedan history as conceived by most Christians. Will the historian of our century and of Communism see Jinnah as visionary, or as prophet, warrior and statesman?

✠ T. D. ROBERTS, S.J.

Archbishop of Bombay, 1937-50

MAX HORTON

Max Horton and the Western Approaches, by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers; Epilogue by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Hodder and Stoughton 16s).

MODERN MEMORIES are so short that one naval officer could tell us that he did not think Horton deserved to have a book written about him; another professed not even to remember his name. The book deserved to be written for the submarines' sake, if not for the man's, so hard a fight had submarines for sheer existence. The century

was young when the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty could say in the House that it might be "wise not to be found unprepared in regard to these inventions which I confess I desire shall never prosper," and Rear-Admiral A. K. Wilson, V.C., Controller of the Navy, could say: "Underwater weapons, they call 'em. I call them underhand, unfair, and damned un-English. They'll never be any use in war. . . . I'm going to get the First Lord to announce that we intend to treat all submarines as pirate vessels in wartime and that we'll hang the crews." The book deserved, however, to be written supremely for the sake of the man. Having heard that his special form of service had been called piracy, to the delight of his men he played up to this, flew the "Jolly Roger" from his periscope, and, when he sunk another ship, flew a second one; and, when there was no more room for flags, flew one large one with bars showing the number of enemy ships that he had sunk. As for the use of submarines, the author writes: "Everybody knows that the invasion of Europe by land and air forces won the war, but somebody was needed, and still is needed, to remind the people that the defeat of the U-boats by sea and air forces prevented us from losing it." In other words, Max Horton won the Battle of the Atlantic, to which Admiral Chalmers devotes four chapters: had that been lost, all would have been lost. Briefly, this man, than whom no one could have been more English, constantly urged a better understanding of, and closer co-operation with, the U.S.A. Devoted to his submarines, he fought for a closer co-operation with the Air and was revolted by any idea of rivalries outside of or within Whitehall ministries. Readers will have to make up their minds as to whether he was chiefly the relentless taskmaster that so many say he was, and, what it was in him that won the sheer adoration of so many others. He supremely "knew his stuff" and took unheard-of risks because he believed in it. He also had "hunches" which amounted almost to second-sight, which may have been a link between his official (yet extremely individualist) life, and his interior life within which devotion to St. John of the Cross and St. Thérèse of Lisieux was interwoven with his quite passionate devotion to St. Francis of Assisi. Fr. Martindale, chosen to write the Epilogue because he knew Max, but was "quite ignorant of naval affairs as such," does not explain the "why" of the existence of this unexpected strain in Max Horton, nor the "how" of its co-existence with what everybody saw and understood. The Epiloguist seems ironically to enjoy his knowledge that when Max (who did not spend his leaves in naval circles) was thought to be racketing in Paris or where you will, he was really passing weeks at a time in one of those friaries into which he had longed to retire. The bulk of this book, skilfully written by an expert, will amply satisfy all who are in any way alert to the tremendous fact

of the late war, even if they cannot identify their whole personality with it as Max, at a crisis, did. And they will learn how such a man had room, too, in his life for music, scenery, good wines, golf, the study of Encyclicals, a determination to witness the beatification of Pius X and the privilege of a long audience with Pius XII. His very sudden death prevented the book being really finished: but it is a storehouse of information for the most various classes of readers. The author did his task better than might humanly have been thought possible.

J. DE GEOLLAC

SYMBOLIC WORDS

The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms: Volume I; Language, by Ernst Cassirer, translated by Ralph Manheim (Yale University Press: London, Geoffrey Cumberlege 32s 6d).

THIS IMPRESSIVE WORK is a translation of Ernst Cassirer's *Philosophie der symbolischen Formen: Die Sprache*, which was published in Germany in 1923. It forms the first volume of a trilogy; and the other two volumes treat respectively of mythical thinking and of the phenomenology of knowledge. It was recognition of the importance of this work which, as Professor Charles W. Hendel recalls in his preface, led to Cassirer's invitation to Yale in 1941. And to anyone who knows Cassirer only or chiefly as an interpreter of Kant this work must reveal him as much more than a historian and exegete. For while he derived inspiration from Kant, he tried to work out for himself a philosophy based on the notion of symbol.

In a long introduction of sixty-five pages Professor Hendel gives a very useful interpretation of Cassirer's thought and relates it not simply to Kant but to other philosophers as well. He shows how Cassirer was inspired by the ideal of doing for the totality of cultural forms what Kant's transcendental critique had done for cognition. In other words, Cassirer sought to prepare the way for a systematic philosophy of human culture by a study of the form through which human consciousness transforms the world of received impressions into a world that is the expression of the human spirit. Kant's third *Critique* was a particularly suggestive and stimulating influence in Cassirer's thought, but in broadening the range of the Kantian inquiry to comprise a study of cultural forms in general he was also inspired, as Professor Hendel shows, by writers such as Herder, whom Cassirer called "the Copernicus of history."

The first symbolic form which Cassirer studies is language, and it is with this subject that the present volume is concerned. It is a symbolic

form in the sense that words, which as seen or heard are sensuous images, are used with meaning and so as symbols. And in the course of his book Cassirer tries to show how language passed from the sphere of mimetic representation and of designation to the freedom of symbolism, this development being portrayed as an expression of the general self-liberation of the human spirit in its progressive cultural organisation of experience. This is not to say, of course, that language ever frees itself from sensuous elements. Indeed, in the very last sentence of the book Cassirer affirms that "in all its achievements and in every particular phase of its progress language shows itself to be *at once* a sensuous and an intellectual form of expression." And this unity of the sensuous and intellectual in language is itself an expression of the general fact that all human spiritual activities, even the highest, are conditioned by modes of sensory activity.

The fact that Cassirer derived inspiration from the philosophy of Kant may lead the reader to expect the worst, namely that the author's chief preoccupation is to prove the validity of the Kantian point of view about human experience by forcing language into a preconceived scheme based on the Kantian doctrine about *a priori* forms. And the remarks which I have already made in this review may also lead the reader to expect that the book consists of purely abstract theorising about language. I hasten to add, therefore, that throughout the work Cassirer is constantly referring to the works of philologists and to the structure and development of particular languages. Whether all the empirical data to which the author refers would now be considered acceptable, I am unable to say. But at any rate there is no question of Cassirer by-passing the results of philological study. For example, in one section he tries to trace, with a wealth of references to philological works, the development of the expression of "subjective existence" or of the "I-concept." And though Cassirer certainly approached his subject with a point of view in mind, he did not set out to force the facts to verify a preconceived theory. Rather did he start with a postulate which would be subject to revision in the light of the empirical data. For he wished to *discover* the cultural forms.

If one is not a Kantian, one will obviously be inclined to disagree with certain views held by Cassirer. But I doubt whether his Kantianism really affects very much the value of his work. A study of this type, with its ambitious project and broad sweep, cannot, indeed, be regarded as final. And Cassirer himself did not regard it as final or as approaching finality. But as a source of stimulus and suggestion the work seems to me to be of permanent value. It is true that it is inspired by the sort of ambitious project which we tend to associate with German philosophers; but none the less there is a modesty in Cassirer's attitude which differentiates him from Hegel, even if his declared intention of

developing a "phenomenology of human culture" recalls, as Professor Hendel points out, the title of one of Hegel's most famous works.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

BY BREAD ALONE?

World Population and World Food Supplies, by Sir John Russell (Allen and Unwin 50s).

Sahara Challenge, by R. St. Barbe Baker (Lutterworth Press 15s).

WHETHER the recurring question of food, famine and population is regarded as a religious, a social or statistical one—it is worth constant remembrance.

In its original dating form Malthus' query was perfectly simple. Would there be enough food to go round for a population which increased at a greater rate than the harvests of earth and sea? The word Malthusianism shocks Churches who believe it is only a question of birth control, but the recent Congress in Rome shows how much else is at stake and how vitally interested the Holy See can be in the temporal welfare of the human race and the menace of shortages.

Books continue to be written of a panicky description and, while it is clear that the larger proportion of human beings do not have enough to eat, determined efforts are being made to increase the fertile areas. Only in recent years has it been felt that countries which support themselves like Russia, France and the United States are in more comfortable positions than a country like England which trades hard for more than half of her food supply. She is at the mercy of submarines in war and of dock strikes in peace. Hence the perpetual peril in which an industrialised country lives, and the folly of a country like Ireland which endeavours to industrialise and urbanise a purely agricultural country.

Fertilisers and techniques are developing those countries which have learnt to use them: but Sir John's account of African agriculture reads tragically. The world will continue to suffer starvation and Communism in uneconomic spots while "food and other commodities will continue to flow to those countries where industry and enterprise reap their full reward," as long as the flow is not checked at sea or in the docks.

The religious point of view lies with the countryside where the family life cherished by the Church is more frequent and convenient than in towns.

Sir John takes every country in turn and examines their fertilities, soils, products and possibilities. Naturally we consult the sections dealing with England and Ireland. It is certain that the statistics in population will change during the next thirty years: "more people will

continue to reach the age of sixty-five and to live longer after they have passed it and that more of them will be women." We shall have less workers and more pensioners—"a steadily growing number of ineffectives to support." One can only hope that allotment gardens will become part of the life of old-age pensioners. To a certain extent old people can raise their own fruit and vegetables. Very encouraging are the figures of farm production as they mounted during wartime. The chapter on increasing food production in the United Kingdom is one of enormous interest and value. But no one will be seriously interested till we have food riots.

Ireland has separate sections for North or South, full of vital information for each: for instance, the Irish Republic in 1951 imported more wheat than the home-grown, "an import of 290,000 tons, considerably less than before the War, but high in view of Eire's adverse balance of payments." Some of Ireland's problems are a puzzle, especially as she suffered no damage during the War. Her land population is always decreasing. Only hints say why—"the Irish farmer in general wants something more than a life of unalloyed food production." Emigration is as marked from the good as from the poorer districts. This the *Muintir na Tir* are endeavouring to remedy under Canon Hayes, who is not mentioned, though there is record of the benefits caused by "the Creameries started by Horace Plunkett and Fr. Finlay, S. J." in the past.

This massive volume covers by statistics and photographs every country in the world.

In contrast to the mathematical calculations of fact comes St. Barbe Baker's adventurous *Sahara Challenge*, an exciting account of the expedition sent by the Men of the Trees to investigate the growth of the Sahara and the special connection between Africa's troubles and the slow failure of the forest. It appears that the Sahara is not the bottom of an ancient sea but the sandy erosion of long lost forests, some of them primitive enough to become petrified and others historical enough to cover traces of lost cities of the great Province of Libya when Africa was the granary of the Roman Empire. The ancient Church of Africa has largely disappeared under the sands. Where are all the famous Sees, including Hippo, for ever associated with the name of St. Augustine? Is their only use titular for the appanage of suffragans in *infidelium partibus*?

From books like these, however adventurous and personal, when backed by the immense knowledge and array of figures and tables in Sir John Russell's volume, we realise that there is a never-closing struggle between mankind and the destructive side of nature, and that the ultimate stake is simply whether future generations will have enough to eat.

SHANE LESLIE

DANTE STUDIES

Introductory Papers on Dante, by Dorothy L. Sayers, with a Preface by Barbara Reynolds (Methuen 21s).

Dante: Monarchy and Three Political Letters, with an Introduction by Donald Nicholl, and a Note on the Chronology of Dante's Political Works by Colin Hardie (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 9s 6d).

IN THE INTRODUCTION to her spirited translation of the *Inferno* (Penguin Books, 1949), Miss Sayers announced that her aim was to interest the "common reader" in the *Commedia*, which aim she declared to be Dante's own, inasmuch as he wrote his poem in Italian, the language of the people, and not in Latin, the language of the learned. The papers which make up her latest book are also addressed to the general reader. These papers deal with Dante's symbolic and pictorial images, the doctrinal meaning of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory (on which the literal meaning of the poem is based), the three levels of allegorical meaning, political, moral and anagogical, and the humour and the paradoxes of the *Commedia*. By-passing the aesthetic and the historical approaches to the *Commedia*, Miss Sayers wisely concentrates on the meaning, both literal and allegorical. Her general thesis is that Dante meant what he said, and that what he meant has significance for us to-day. As a revealer of the deepest truth, Dante has no rival among poets, and it is this Dante who is the subject of her lucid and persuasive exposition. In passing it may be noted that Dante himself scorned the view that his masterpiece should be read for the "poetry" and not for the meaning, for in the *Commedia* he wrote: "Reader, may God grant thee to take profit from thy reading."

It may seem ungracious to find fault with a book which is bound to profit the general reader and which was evidently written *con amore*, and yet it is unfortunate that Miss Sayers chose to interpret the anagogical or mystical sense of the *Commedia* in terms of the erratic theories expounded by Charles Williams in *The Figure of Beatrice*. His pseudo-theological treatment of the "Beatrician theme," his distaste for the Thomistic outlook and "the great learned orations" of the *Paradiso*, and his arbitrary classifications which he superimposes on the obvious religious symbolism of the *Commedia*, do not inspire confidence in his ability as an exegete of Dante's anagogical teaching. As Edmund G. Gardner points out in his *Dante and the Mystics*, the mystical progress of the soul in the *Commedia* can be followed along the traditional three stages: the purgative way (the *Purgatorio* proper), the illuminative way (the Earthly Paradise and the nine Heavens of the Ptolemaic system), and the unitive way (the Empyrean).

Professors Nicholl and Hardie, who have made new translations of *De Monarchia* and the three Latin epistles which Dante wrote on behalf

of the Emperor Henry VII, provide materials for the study of the poet's political thought. All four works were written during the period which Professor d'Entrèves, in his *Dante as a Political Thinker*, styles the "imperialistic phase," when the poet was obsessed with the idea that a universal empire would transform this world into an Earthly Paradise. Professor d'Entrèves argues that, with the death of Henry VII in 1313, there came a change of outlook, which is reflected in the *Commedia*, as witness the complete subordination of Virgil to Beatrice, of the Empire to the Church. As is evident, the validity of this theory depends on the timing of the dates of composition of the political works and the *Commedia*. Professor d'Entrèves assigns a late date to the *Commedia*, which Professor Hardie accepts and supports with cogent arguments of his own.

I. J. SEMPER

SHORTER NOTICES

The Phantom Caravan, by Sir Owen O'Malley, K.C.M.G. (John Murray 21s).

SIR OWEN O'MALLEY—and we forthwith announce that Mr. John Jones, M.P., once felt obliged to ask in the House why that name was to rhyme with Bailey and not Sally—well, Sir Owen alarms us in his Foreword by giving us three reasons—Official Secrets Act among them—why his book must be duller than his life. We tremble to think what a whirl of excitement his career must have been, if that is true; for so lively—now gay, now sorrowful; now dryly humorous, now mordant with *saeva indignatio*—are his pages. That he is sensitive to the beauties of nature, and to wild life, is clear; unhappy at his private school and not over-successful at Magdalen (perhaps because of a "spirit of non-conformity" that he mentions?)—this must be passed over. In 1911 he entered on his Foreign Office career. Looking back, he can flash some new and entertaining or pathetic sidelights on Ministers—Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, Sir Eyre Crowe, Lord Curzon; and may cause the lay reader to marvel yet more how the home authorities, the army, naval or colonial experts can ever come to an even moderately reasonable agreement, to say nothing of conversations with Orientals needing an interpreter (well—even Beatty and Foch did . . .) or have kept a genuine free mind amid the formulas, entangled tapes, polite suggestions—"May we not surmise that X may not be averse to . . .?" when what is meant is that "X wants," and everybody knows it. Alas, we cannot even allude to the many pages we had marked down for

reference: but Lady O'Malley (Ann Bridge) has taught us, in her *Selective Guide to Portugal*, written in collaboration with Susan Lowndes-Marques, how necessary though sad it is to *leave out*! So we cannot do more than mention his expeditions to Russia, Peking, Indo-China, which matters the less since the Far East has changed so incredibly since then, unless indeed its fundamental enigmas remain exactly what they were. A diplomat's life has always seemed to us almost self-defeating, if only because of the constant changes from one post to another, if he wants to reach and understand the mind of a people or even of one man. Well, Sir Owen does seem to have guessed the Spanish paradox—Spain's pride and courtesy, its sombre glow, its rich austerity and its contempt for death. Would he had said more about Portugal, a land that generates so strange a nostalgia! He was indeed happy to have such "completely friendly and trustworthy" men to deal with as Dr. Salazar and Dr. Mathias. He realizes, too, that the Hungarian peasantry all are gentlemen. Perhaps those few Englishmen who care to know where Hungary is, will be helped by this book (and by Ann Bridge's *A Place to Stand*) to gauge, by the cruelty of her enslavement, how indomitable will have been her spirit, once she is freed. When it comes to Poland, Sir Owen lets himself go about the gorilla-gang that has in its stranglehold not only that thrice-martyred land but, by now, so much else! How much beauty, how much dignity, has our poor lifetime seen destroyed! But cemeteries, from Croatia, Slovenia, up to Poland itself, have graven on their gates *Resurrecturis*! An Easter-day will dawn, though the Friday may have lasted for a century.

But, one protest! We cannot admit the book's title nor the quatrain that suggested it. Memories may become phantasmal, and make the world itself that they picture seem half-unreal, like a Homeric ghost. But no life spent so sincerely, so wholly on the side of righteousness, can ever be a phantom. The spiritual experience which followed a great humiliation suffices to show where the real substance is. "What entered into me—That was, is, and shall be.—This was I worth to God."

Medieval Essays, by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward 16s).

MR. DAWSON is the best interpreter in England of the relations between religion and culture; his work needs description rather than recommendation. This volume is a reprint, enriched by new essays, of his work *Medieval Religion*; in that he discussed the impact of religion on every aspect of life, except the economic, in the medieval West. In this book he has added discussions of the influence of the Byzantine and Moslem cultures on the West; and inserted two old essays, "Church and State in the Middle Ages" and "The Christian West and the fall of the Roman Empire." Perhaps most important of

all he has written an introductory essay on "The Study of Christian Culture."

This is a plea for the study of the West European world from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Reformation. Mr. Dawson quietly gives a well-deserved rebuke to the classicists and theologians of the past. Both neglected this study; consequently this serious gap in the education of the Western European distorted his perspective. To-day medieval studies flourish; but a knowledge of the impact of the dynamic of the Redemption on the decaying Roman Empire and on the barbarian is still not an essential part of the intellectual training of the educated man of the West, as a knowledge of Cicero, Horace, Demosthenes and Thucydides once was. We need to rid ourselves of the secular and unchristian snobbery which preferred Horace and Catullus to Adam of St. Victor and Jacopone da Todi, the *Aeneid* to the *Song of Roland*. For this Mr. Dawson makes a moderate and judicious plea. A knowledge both of the classical civilisation and of the medieval is essential.

Among the other additions, all excellent, the essay on "Church and State in the Middle Ages" is to be especially commended. Our habit of using the phrase "Church and State" to describe the eleventh-century contest between St. Gregory VII and Henry IV, and the nineteenth-century contest between Leo XIII and Bismarck leads to serious confusion of thought. Mr. Dawson's analysis of the problem should at least make us cautious.

There is one inevitable weakness in the essay on "The Scientific Development of Medieval Culture"; had Mr. Crombie's work on Grosseteste been available when it was printed the perspective would have been different. Even as it is the essay is valuable. Like all the others it bears the hall-mark of Mr. Dawson's quiet, informed and profound scholarship.

St. Thérèse of Lisieux: The Making of a Saint, by J. B. Morton (Burns and Oates 9s 6d).

IF EVER THERE WAS a canonisation by acclamation, it was certainly this saint's. Of course, the Holy See observed the rules as to examination of virtues, and miracles worked, and so forth. But the normal delays had to be swept aside. God certainly spoke, this time, through the voice of the people. Mr. Morton tells St. Thérèse's story with the simplicity that it deserves. Popular art has dealt with her according to its debasing formulas and seemingly has learnt nothing. Her devotees themselves have buried her under an enormous basilica as pretentious as anything that the period previous to our own could devise. Her own style of writing offers itself almost as a challenge:

readers of saints' "lives" may think they recognise one platitude, one cliché after another, and, at that, the appalling embroidery proper to the French *petite bourgeoisie* of the closing nineteenth century. Yet, for all that, this saint has gone round the world and her statue stands in Maori chapels, Bantu huts, as firmly-planted as in any European cathedral or suburban church. Mr. Morton rightly says that we must "read her story many times until it becomes part of the furniture of the mind." The meaning of her "Little Way" grows clear, and yet—we dare not forget her quite dreadful bodily suffering, and, worse, the temptations that were hers—maybe the worst of any, temptations against faith. Nor should her sort of humility astonish us: she knew well that God gave her special graces—"for the sake of others," she said. If she was sure she would be made a "great saint"—what is that but "He that is mighty hath done great things to me—All generations will call me blessed"? We are glad that this book was written, and that it was Mr. Morton who wrote it.

Roman Literature, by Michael Grant (Cambridge University Press 1958).

IT IS A SAD SIGN of the times that virtually no originals are quoted in this useful study of Latin literature. This matters less in the case of prose writers, but robs of almost all his appeal poets such as Virgil, who achieve their effects less by content than by form. Consider, for instance, the translation which Professor Grant quotes of *Eclogues*, i, 82, "The roof-tops of the farms are already putting up their evening smoke." What could be more banal than the *content* of this line in its English version, and what more magical than the *form* in which Virgil clothes this commonplace observation?

et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

Again, the point of Quintilian's comparison of Ennius to mighty oaks "less admired for their beauty than revered" is lost unless one quotes in the original the kind of rugged, unmelodious line of which Quintilian was probably thinking, as for instance,

Septingenti sunt paulo aut minus anni
Augusto augurio postquam incluta condita Roma est.

Compare these lines which suggest the rattle of a Roman chariot over cobblestones with the organ music of Virgil's

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna

and you see at once what Quintilian meant.

Professor Grant is writing not for medieval students, most of whom could read Virgil with their feet on the fender, but for the emancipated products of modern progress, few of whom know Latin. For such readers this book is a useful and scholarly introduction to a lost world. *Roman Literature* is not only erudite but readable, for it is written in an easy style, as concise as the Roman models which the Professor praises.

A New Testament Commentary, Volume II, by Ronald A. Knox (Burns and Oates 18s).

MONSIGNOR KNOX continues to make it easier and easier for us to read the New Testament with understanding and appreciation. Into this second volume of his *Commentary on the New Testament* has gone all the scholarship, the understanding of the ordinary person's difficulties, the spiritual insight and the minute knowledge of the text of the New Testament books which make his work on the Scriptures so illuminating. Perhaps the most striking aspect of his treatment is the way in which, whilst appreciating the distinctive character of the different books, he can yet demonstrate by continual cross-reference the close unity existing through them all. It becomes more obvious after some study of his *Commentary* that the New Testament really is the production of a homogeneous school having its roots in a single tradition, for all the variety of temperament, education and experience of the different writers. It is true, of course, that this volume is concerned very largely with St. Paul but, whereas so often commentators seem to find discrepancies and apparent contradictions, Mgr. Knox lets us see the real harmony underlying the different Epistles, and their very close connection with the history of St. Paul as told by St. Luke in the Acts.

It is always possible to find points of disagreement (in such a rich complexity it would be surprising if this were not so) and, in particular, Mgr. Knox seems to accept a chronological scheme which raises more difficulties than it solves, but even the most critical of scholars must stand amazed at the skill and perceptiveness which make this such an immensely satisfying production.

Charterhouse, by David Knowles and W. F. Grimes (Longmans 25s).

THIS MIGHT SEEM, and partly is, a book for specialists; but a continuous romance could be woven of the events that led up to the foundation of the London "House of the Salutation" in 1371; its fidelity to the Carthusian tradition and of course to the Catholic Faith, even while new airs were stirring in it due to its connections with university, court, and Spanish mystical fervour; the heroism of its martyrs after the Act of Supremacy in 1534, and of those less-known ten who in 1537 were chained to posts at Newgate till they

died of sickness or starvation—one, however, survived and was executed at Tyburn and two more became martyrs at York. The story could indeed be continued through the remodelling of the buildings when they became an Elizabethan manor-house, through the foundation there of a charitable trust which developed into the famous school up to the tragedy of May, 1941, when almost complete destruction befell it due to enemy action. The story now becomes indeed an affair of archaeology, though it remains fascinating, for while various traditions have had to be discarded, excavation has made the plan of the great building almost wholly clear. How far reconstruction has gone, we are not certain; but photographs are of considerable help and so is the superb "jacket" (included also at the end of the book) showing the whole congeries of buildings as they were about 1717. A very clear map shows the superposition of the various buildings starting from the fourteenth century; and the generous water-supply reached, apparently, each cell.

Two Saint's Plays: St. Chad of the Seven Wells, by Leo Lehman;
Man's Estate, by Robert Gittings (Heinemann 8s 6d).

THESE PLAYS were acted in Lichfield and Chichester cathedrals respectively—the latter is concerned with the boyhood of St. Richard and is quite charming. The former play is the more ambitious, for a strain of mystical symbolism keeps coming through the story of a pagan king whose conversion by St. Chad seems perhaps too abrupt, though beautifully told. The character-drawing is imperfect—one would suppose the extremely active Chad was *only* a hermit: St. Wilfrid is caricatured presumably as dramatic contrast. The diction is mainly archaic, but here and there too modern and even colloquial ("up to me": a fever must "let up"). Is not a double climax a mistake? Chad, priest of peace, converts Penda's war-like successor: then, apparently at the opportunist Wilfrid's persuasion, he sends the king back to fight for the Lord and himself needs a re-conversion. But this is, we feel, a fault of construction: more serious is Chad's saying that Our Lord, "in a moment of weakness wondered if His Father had forsaken Him."

THE MONTH

ORDER FORM

(if you wish to subscribe for a friend)

Date.....

Please send THE MONTH for 12 (6) months starting
with the.....number.

To.....

.....
with the greetings card inscribed with my name.

I enclose Cheque
Postal Order for 30s. (15s.) to cover cost.

From NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
.....

ORDER FORM

(if you wish to subscribe for yourself)

Please send me THE MONTH for 12 (6) months starting
with the.....number.

I enclose Cheque
Postal Order for.....to cover cost.

From NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
.....

Twelve issues, 30s. Six issues, 15s.

To **MANRESA PRESS, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15**

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

THE TABLET

is a weekly review unlike any other in this country, and more and more discerning readers find its value to them year by year. THE TABLET is obtainable from any news-agent, price 9d. weekly, or direct by post from the Publisher, 128 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, price 42s. per annum, post free. Send a postcard for a specimen copy.

Headache? How and why ANADIN gives you the POWER to stop PAIN so fast

Anadin's balanced formula contains FOUR different ingredients which work together to increase the pain-relieving power of each and to eliminate after-effects. Here is how and why 'Anadin' gives you the power to stop pain.

QUICK ABSORPTION. 'Anadin' tablets disintegrate immediately they enter the stomach.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF. First to act is the pure aspirin. Its quick-acting power makes the body's 'nerve exchange' less sensitive.

LONG-TERM RELIEF. The Phenacetin in 'Anadin' acts next, greatly to prolong the beneficial effects of the aspirin.

SENSE OF WELL-BEING. Pain nearly always brings depression and a 'low-feeling'. But 'Anadin' includes Caffeine with a balancing trace of Quinine, to exert a 'tonic' effect and induce an immediate feeling of well-being as pain gives way to relief.

Nothing acts faster than **ANADIN**

At all Chemists, 1/9d. and 3/6d.

'ANADIN' is a registered trade mark

Externals of the Catholic Church

JOHN F. SULLIVAN

Mgr. Sullivan discusses Catholic worship, discipline and custom in their outward forms, with explanations of origins. Constitution and government, liturgical forms, devotions and symbolism, even ecclesiastical and monastic dress—all are described in singularly lucid fashion.

18s. 6d. net

Cold War in Hell

HARRY BLAMIRE

A witty and profound fantasy, which is something of a sequel to *The Devil's Hunting-Grounds*. The author's visit was made on a return-ticket, which is why he is still here to advise some others on what they might be in for.

10s. 6d. net

Obedient Men

G. DENIS MEADOWS

The author, a convert to Catholicism, served a ten-year novitiate to the Society of Jesus. This is the story of his experiences at Roehampton, Stonyhurst and Edgehill, and of his agonising realisation that the life of a Jesuit was not for him. The period is that of the First World War and the years immediately preceding it. 12s. 6d. net

★

LONGMANS

CORRECTION

★

The Scholar and the Cross

HILDA C. GRAEF

The price of this biography of Edith Stein is **18s.** net, and not 15s. as advertised in the last issue of **THE MONTH**.

Printed in Great Britain by

UNWIN BROTHERS LIMITED, WOKING AND LONDON